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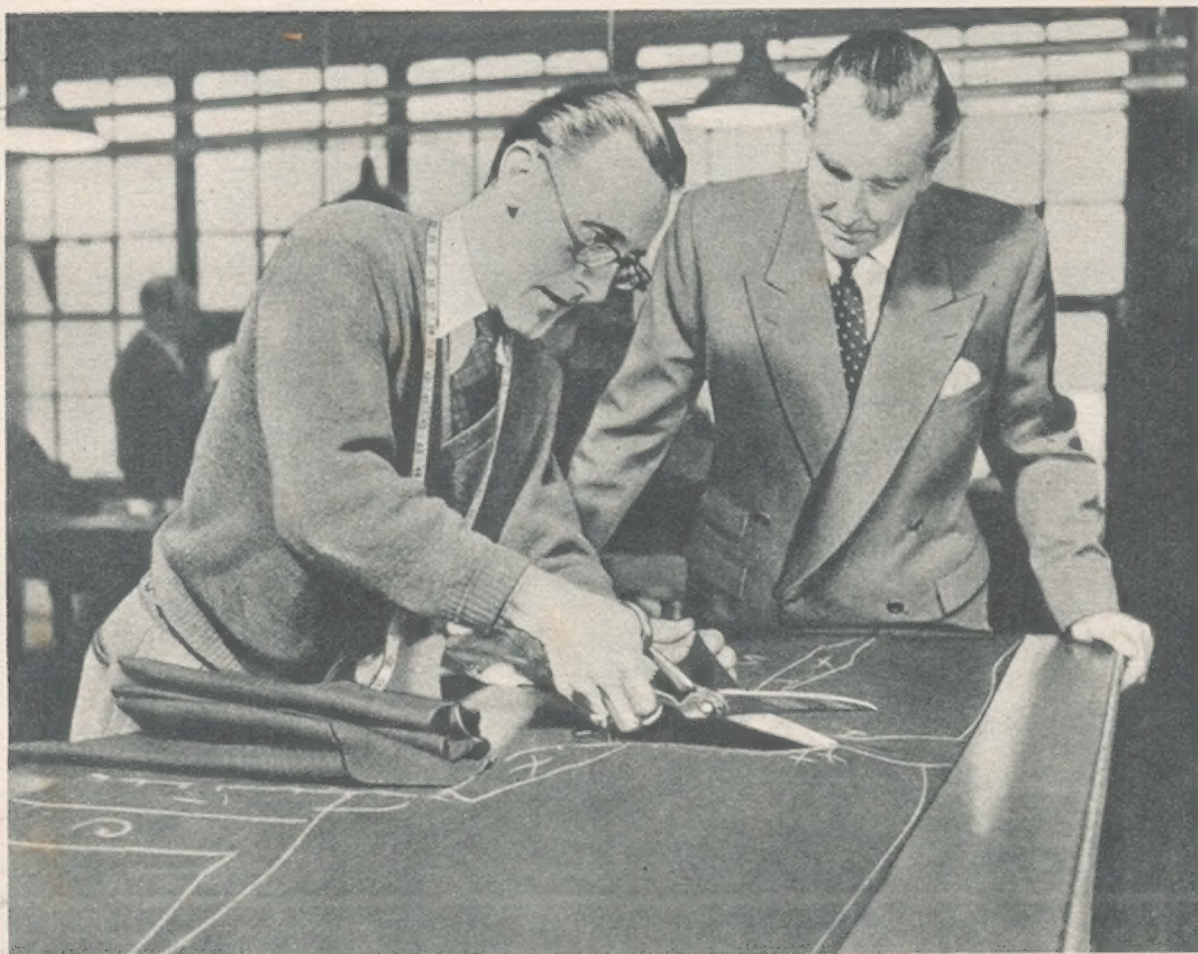
REACH FOR THE SKY

Paul Brickhill's inspiring life of

DOUGLAS BADER



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Sign of sanity

THIS Thursday, Mr. Albert Hoodith is making history. He is standing in the municipal elections as a Conservative candidate for Wythenshawe, Manchester. He is thirty-six, a tailor, and has three children. What makes him so important is that he is coloured, and no coloured man has ever been a Conservative candidate before.

Thus the colour bar is broken still further and another victory is won over prejudice.

It is part of a steady progress in Britain. Mr. Hoodith says: "I find that coloured people are now being accepted in the main as part of the British nation without regard to the shade of their skins."

A NEGRO doctor adds: "When I first came to England in the 1930s, I never asked a stranger the way because the chances were that I should be snubbed. The odds now are that the stranger will not only show me the way, but walk along with me to make sure I understand."



MR. ALBERT HOODITH
"The colour doesn't matter"

All the professions are open to coloured people. There are successful doctors, dentists and barristers. A Negro is a senior civil servant in the Inland Revenue office. There are many successful engineers and businessmen.

When there is a clash between tolerance and prejudice, common sense usually wins. This happened in

Birmingham earlier this year when the corporation transport committee asked bus men and women to ballot on whether they were willing to work with coloured men.

BUT the workers refused to have anything to do with the ballot. Shortly afterwards, the committee announced that anyone suitable would be hired as conductors—including coloured folk.

Mr. Kesho Narayan, from British Guiana, vice-president of the League of Coloured Peoples, attributes much of the striking improvement in the British attitude to the war.

"People realized then that to judge men by their colour was playing Hitler's game," he says.

CRICKET test match victories by the West Indians have helped, too. And the British people respect other good sportsmen like McDonald Bailey and Arthur Wint."

There is still a long way to go before coloured folk can feel completely at ease here. Too many landlords and employers continue to shut the door on a coloured face. Some hotels refuse rooms.

But the old unreasonable prejudice is gradually disappearing. In a world which is often exasperating, this is a welcome sign of sanity.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

KOOYANG and Kingston, Suva and Somerset, Nukualofa and Newcastle—exotic and homegrown names strung together round the earth. The Queen's tour has underlined the worldwide character of the Commonwealth—a unity of peoples moving towards common ideals of democracy. Now the Thames offers her its welcome home. Not so colourful, perhaps, as Fiji's *cavukelekele*—invitation to land—but it is just as warm and sincere.



Let's meet on Sunday

You read John Bull. So you're interested in what's going on in the world—not only in the more sensational kind of news and so-called "human stories" but in all the many activities of our day. If that's so, you might try *The Observer* as your Sunday newspaper. We believe you would find it just what you like.

Maybe you've thought of it as a bit forbidding—too serious, too highbrow. That's where we think you're wrong. *The Observer* is not highbrow, and it's not lowbrow either. It's just intelligent. Sometimes serious, always lively, often amusing, never corny. You will find it has the best writers on horses and people, cricket and gardening, books, ballet, films, plays and fashions.

Politics? You may find it the first genuinely non-party newspaper you have ever read. It gives you an unbiased picture of what the Tories and Socialists are doing at home, and of what both the Russians and the Americans are really up to abroad. It doesn't pretend that all is well: nor is it permanently filled with righteous indignation. And it's not afraid of attacking anyone.

If you're not a reader of *The Observer*, perhaps you're missing something you would enjoy. Order it for next Sunday and decide for yourself. It costs threepence-halfpenny. If you like it, place a regular order: it's one of those papers which sell out.



THE 'SUNDAY' WITH A WAY OF ITS OWN

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The captain dreamed of danger

WHILE serving in H.M. Submarine Osiris, we made a mock attack on the destroyer H.M.S. Bruce during a patrol off Singapore.

After the attack we went down to sixty feet, and while we were blind an aircraft crashed into the sea near our position. The destroyer raced in to rescue the pilot.

Unaware of this, I ordered Osiris up, and raised the periscope. The first thing I saw was the destroyer's bow wave almost on us. We just missed being rammed. The airman was picked up through a chance in a million. A seabird perched on his head as he floated unconscious on the surface, marking his position for rescuers.

That night I relived the episode in a dream. I woke to find myself at the periscope, having walked right forward through two hatches.

In harbour, after convoy duties in command of the destroyers Verdun and Ulster, I had many experiences of sleepwalking ("Free Speech," April 24). I often found myself on the bridge in pyjamas. On leave, I once rose from a fireside nap, walked across, fast asleep, to my wife's chair and said: "Quick, we must shove off now." I was again reliving an experience on duty. — COMMANDER WILLIAM DONALD, D.S.C., Keswick, Cumberland.

In The Bag

RECENTLY in a restaurant a man ordered tea. When it came he took a brown paper bag from his pocket and fitted it over the teapot. He told me: "They never seem to supply tea cosies in restaurants, and the tea gets cold. I bring my own cosy with me and always have it piping hot." — G. L. CLUE, Ridgeway Road, Headington, Oxford.

Operation Bull's-eye

OUR daughter, then aged three and a half, went into hospital with a skin complaint, and was given a year's course of injections.

A few days ago, and nearly eighteen months after her discharge, she saw a dartboard. Grabbing some darts, she said cheerfully: "Now, dartboard, let me inject you!"

Her mother and I were most surprised as we thought she had forgotten the whole business. — R. F., West Cross, Swansea.

Children have surprisingly long memories, says a doctor. That is why it is so important to visit them daily in hospital, to surround them with their own toys, and make sure that they adjust themselves within a happy, secure, home framework.

Riddle Time

DURING the war I spent a holiday in East Suffolk, where interpretations of time seemed to vary then as much as they do in some parts of Ireland today ("Free Speech," April 17). When I

told some schoolchildren the time, one of them asked: "Is that Old Time, New Time or Morrison's Time?" Later I heard it referred to as "Old Time, Middle Time and Morrison's Time." — ALBERT ABBOTT, Scott Road, Ipswich.

Double Summer Time was introduced as a wartime measure in 1941, when Mr. Herbert Morrison was Home Secretary.

Highland Spirit

THE bottle of Solan whisky with which a toast was drunk in Bhowani Junction (JOHN BULL, April 24) brought back many memories. During the war I spent a rest period at the

GERALD KERSH



His latest, brilliantly
entertaining story,

A Tomb For Karmesin,
appears

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

hill station of Solan, thirty miles from Simla, and visited the brewery and distillery there. It must have the finest site of any brewery in the world, perched as it is more than five thousand feet up, with magnificent views, and the heights around it delivering their crystal-clear, ice-cold waters down wooden troughs to the vats and stills below. Our party was conducted around the plant by the Anglo-Indian managerial staff, who pointedly steered us well away from the distillery section. A few of us, however, managed to smuggle ourselves in to see the whisky prepared. With India now going "dry," I wonder if the plant's empty ruins gaze forlornly out across the Himalayas. — PHIL FORDYCE, Lynton Avenue, Jarrow, Co. Durham.

Some Indian states have introduced total prohibition. In others no alcoholic drinks may be sold on certain days of the week. This week's instalment of "Bhowani Junction" begins on page 20.

Your Name, Sir?

I WAS staying at a North Wales hotel recently, and asked for some hot water to be brought to my room when I was called next morning. I received no call and no water. I was kept waiting in the dining-room and got poor service from everyone. I raised the matter with a member of the staff and was told that they could not remember what I was like at tipping ("Free Speech," April 24). Consequently, I was not in the book which

they kept to record names of visitors who tipped well. — DAVID WHITEHEAD, Lyndhurst Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Striding High

AS a stilt-walking magician I was particularly interested in Henry Neave's drawing of a stilt walker (JOHN BULL cover, April 10). I have found stilts useful at other times. Once, I repaired a house wall without erecting scaffolding. I have also used them when collecting bees that have swarmed in a treetop. — E. BAILEY, Glen Hills, Blaby, Leicester.

Stilts are often used in repairing wirework in hop gardens.

By The Way

WHEN I was motoring in Ireland, I pulled up at a garage and asked a man outside if he would mind checking



my tyres. He did so, and pumped one up. I then asked him to check my oil. After doing this, he took out a handkerchief and with great care cleaned my windscreen. "Now I'll have some petrol," I said. "Please fill her up." He thought for a moment, then said: "Well, maybe you'd better ask the proprietor, madam. You see, this is only a bus stop. I'm a stranger in town, waiting to pick up a connection." I gave him a forty-mile lift. — MRS. ELEANOR M. FAIRBURN, Palm Street, Middlesbrough.

Alpine Mecca

I WAS interested to see on the book-stalls this week a book by Geoffrey Williamson called *Inside Buchmanism*. Is he the man who once wrote two articles on the Oxford Group for JOHN BULL?

Shortly after reading those articles, I spent a holiday at Montreux, Switzerland. From there it was only a short ride to Mountain House, headquarters of the Moral Re-Armament



Association, at Caux. As an Edgar Wallace reader, I particularly wanted to see the place where, when it was a hotel, he wrote many of his stories. I was surprised to learn, subsequently, that Mussolini had helped to build it when he was working as a labourer in Switzerland. — B. STAPLETON, Leeds.

Geoffrey Williamson's articles appeared in JOHN BULL in 1949. They form the basis of his book, which is published by Watts and Co., at 125, 6d. Mountain House was bought by the Swiss Moral Re-Armament Association for £80,000 in 1946. The picture shows a folk dance display during an M.R.A. World Assembly.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

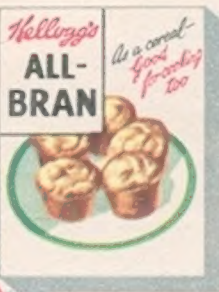
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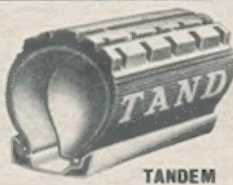
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'Mayor' Breen's village is besieged by secrets

by KEITH ELLIS

Security and Australia's desert cut Woomera off from the outside world. Michael Breen coaxed the rocket-range township into life—and keeps it humming with his Irish blarney

ADELAIDE
WOOMERA IS THE best-guarded village in the British Commonwealth, and every inhabitant has undergone an elaborate check to guarantee his loyalty. Yet 170 people had voted for the Communist candidate in last year's South Australian state election. The chief superintendent of the Long-range Weapons Establishment at Salisbury, near Adelaide, wanted to know why. He called an emergency conference of his officials from Woomera, the village on the rocket-testing range.

Anxiously, the officials discussed the possibility of a weakness in the security system. Among them, with his leg propped up on a chair, sat a tall Irishman who had been called from hospital for the conference.

"The security system's fine," he said quietly. "Those people aren't Communists at all."

The chief superintendent looked interested. The Irishman, Michael Breen, "mayor" of Woomera village, went on: "There were only two candidates in the election, Labour and Communist. There was no Liberal, and only the names of the candidates appeared on the voting forms. It's my belief that the people who voted for the Communist were Liberals who thought he was standing for *their* party."

His Magazine Aided Electors

A few months later, the Senate elections were held. Realizing their previous mistake, the Liberals put up a candidate. Breen was determined that this time there should be no misunderstanding. In the village magazine which he edits he printed a diagram of the voting paper, adding each candidate's party. On voting day, outside the polling-booth, he displayed a poster which made it abundantly clear to which party each candidate belonged.

"When the votes came to be counted," he recalls proudly, "the Communist got only five votes."

For almost four years, Michael Breen, a shrewd, eloquent bachelor of fifty-eight, has managed the civic affairs of Woomera, a self-contained village which houses the wives and families of the scientists and technicians, service and civilian, who work on the rocket range.

Woomera consists of five hundred houses, three messes for single men, a hostel for single women and most of the amenities usually found in a large village. It has its own shopping-centre, an air-conditioned school, several sports grounds, a cinema, a hospital, a sewerage works, a bakery, a court house, a kindergarten and a relay radio station. Breen has transformed the

Encouraged by Breen, the people of Woomera make the most of their closely guarded village. At a "country club" they relax in the desert sun



bricks and mortar into a community with a sense of purpose and well-being.

The range itself is shaped like a narrow funnel with its base at the range-head, twenty-five miles from Woomera village. It stretches 1,200 miles, crosses the West Australian coast and continues a further 1,200 miles over the Indian Ocean. From May, 1950, to June, 1953, seven hundred rockets were launched, 440 missiles fired and 2,200 bombs dropped. Last August, Britain's second atom-bomb was exploded about three hundred miles from the village.

Because the three thousand villagers are in daily touch with the most jealously guarded secrets of the British Commonwealth, Woomera lives in a perpetual state of siege. The whole area is constantly patrolled by the range overseer in an Auster aeroplane; all roads leading into it are checked by police. Seven-foot man-proof fences of steel mesh and barbed wire surround the village and the working areas. At the entrances, armed guards inspect passes.

Every Villager Needs A Pass

Life in Woomera is governed by passes. Although every resident has had his past probed, each must carry with him at all times a current pass. When he goes on leave, he needs a permit to leave the area and another to re-enter. The few outsiders allowed to visit Woomera must wear a prominent badge inscribed "Visitor."

Breen once noticed a visitor asking technical questions which had nothing to do with the object of his visit. Breen took him aside. "In Woomera," he warned, "we keep to our own business." The man failed to take the hint and asked many more questions. Next day, every person with whom the man had been in contact was interviewed. "There had been no leak," says Breen, "but the man was never invited again."

As a routine security measure, the weekly civil air service and the R.A.A.F. courier plane which makes a daily round trip from Adelaide with personnel and supplies fly strictly on a pre-arranged course. Some time ago, the chief superintendent was flying up from Salisbury with a number of distinguished visitors and suddenly decided to show them part of the range from the air. He asked the captain of the aircraft to send a message to the air transport officer at Woomera that they were deviating from their course.

Ban On Sightseeing Flight

Obedying his standing orders, the A.T.O. sent back the message: "You have no authority to deviate. Come straight in."

There was a hurried conference in the aircraft, and the pilot sent another message: "Deviation is on chief superintendent's authority."

Blanching somewhat, the A.T.O. sent back: "Come straight in." The plane landed, and a red-faced chief superintendent led out his visitors. The A.T.O. worried for days afterwards, but no action was taken against him. He had merely obeyed orders.

Although the range superintendent, Group-Captain Pither, is solely responsible to the chief superintendent at Salisbury for the administration of both the range and the village, he is advised on village matters by a board consisting of four nominees of the Ministry of Supply and three representatives elected by the villagers. Breen, a full-time public servant, is permanent secretary. "It may not seem very representative, says Breen, "but this is a Commonwealth project and nobody pays rates."

An astute administrator, he has always thrown his influence wholeheartedly on the side of the villagers. Once, besides being secretary of the village board, he was also an ordinary member of the school board, which had the task of drawing up for the authorities a list of refinements they thought desirable for the new school. Knowing the ways of government departments, Breen encouraged the board to ask for many more amenities than they really wanted.

Later, as secretary of the village board, he

had to comment on the school board's list before forwarding it to the authorities. "I picked out all the things we didn't want," he says, "and reported that these seemed extravagant. The things we did want, I recommended as being eminently reasonable." His recommendations were accepted. The school now has tape-recorders, projectors and even a public address system linking the headmaster's study with every classroom. "Unfortunately," says Breen, "that's a job you can't do twice."

Breen's power is far in excess of his official position, and for a long time he has been dubbed "mayor." He has become a father to the village, a rôle for which his personality and figure peculiarly fit him. He is more than six feet tall, and so round that when, in a money-raising stunt for the sports fund, he was fined a penny for every inch of waistline, he had to pay five shillings. He is on first-name terms with almost everyone, and though it is thirty years since he left his native Kilkenny, the kiss of the blarney still lingers on his lips.

He flatters women outrageously. Recently he referred to the forty single girls who live in the hostel as "gems of beauty set in a desert." To a staid middle-aged matron he declared: "Madam, you are a living proof of the omnipotence of God. How else could one account for such perfect beauty?" The woman turned away but, like all his victims, she was secretly delighted.

Happiness In Barren Desert

Since he first came to Woomera, Breen's aim has been to make life happy and productive for the people whose work brings them to what seems at first a most unpromising spot. Woomera lies in stony, treeless desert known in Australia as "gibber" country. The temperature frequently exceeds 100 degrees in summer. Dust storms, appearing suddenly like a curtain on the horizon, sweep across the countryside, reducing visibility to a few yards and covering everything with a thick layer of dust; sometimes they last for three days. When rain comes it is often in freak deluges. "Once," says Breen, "I was standing in ankle-deep mud and had the dust blowing in my face from a few miles away."

Even worse than the weather is the isolation. "Every day is the same," says Breen. "The women have nowhere for window-shopping; no way of escaping from their environment. Port Augusta, the nearest big town, is 113 miles away. We have barbecues and picnics, but since there are only two places near the village with trees for shelter, even they become monotonous."

Apart from a few who shoot kangaroos or visit sheep farmers in the surrounding country, most villagers find their entertainment in Woomera itself. Besides the usual sports, there is basketball and night tennis. A drama group and a concert party pay quarterly visits. For fifteen shillings a year, villagers can attend classes in dressmaking, English, mathematics, typing, shorthand, woodwork and mothercraft. "We have seventy women in the dressmaking class alone," says Breen.

Traders Must Be Interviewed

Although the community store, run by a committee of the board, supplies such goods as shoes, groceries, ironmongery and ice-cream, Woomera still lacks a number of services. "To fill the gap," says Breen, "we allow certain big firms—tailors, opticians, lawyers, electrical firms, jewellers, a sewing machine agent and a piano tuner—to bring samples and supplies into the area. But we watch the prices to see our people are not fleeced."

Breen personally interviews anyone wanting to trade in the area. The prospects of good profits have lured some traders into the mistake of trying to bribe him. One car-dealer offered a rake-off of £50 on every sale. Breen was most insulted, however, when a tailor assured him confidentially: "Next time you're in town, I



Breen chats to nurses in the village hostel Kilkenny, he once referred to the girls in

could fit you up with a nice pair of sports trousers." Breen says: "It might have taken quite a bit of cloth, but I let him know forcibly that my honour was worth more than a pair of trousers."

Several traders have started permanent businesses in Woomera. "We've managed to attract a ladies' hairdresser, and we hope later to have a chemist," says Breen. Mrs. Nan Laycock, Doncaster-born wife of an immigrant engineer now working on the range, found herself giving so many free lifts in the family car that she started a taxi service.

Eight years ago the site of the village was uninhabited country from which fat Merino sheep miraculously cropped a living. In 1946, after rejecting a site in Canada, the British Government decided that the best site for a rocket-range lay in the central wastes of Australia. Apart from the vast space, the clear weather made it easy to measure and photograph explosions from a great distance. The site for the village was chosen because of its closeness to the Trans-continental railway.

"It was called Woomera," says Breen, "because woomera is the name for a notched stick which the aborigines use to launch their spears. It seemed appropriate."

Breen, a graduate of Sydney University with many years experience of co-operative enterprises in Sydney and Adelaide, was asked in 1950 if he would take on the task of establishing a village at Woomera and of looking after the interests of the villagers. When he accepted, there were only fifteen homes, with few facilities and entertainments.

"We tried to hold dances. At one of them we had a hundred and fifty men and ten girls. Several times there was trouble, so we decided



for single women. With the blarney of his native the hostel as "gems of beauty set in the desert"



A new arrival at Woomera's hospital. Breen claims that the village has Australia's highest birth rate. "Seven babies were born in the week of the first British atom-bomb explosion"

to stop them." One of his acts was to publish a weekly news sheet called *Gibber-Gabber*. "With that, I was able both to mould opinion and give much-needed sympathy."

Gradually, the problems of supplying an isolated community were overcome. For making roads, stone was quarried locally. For water, a pipeline from the River Murray was tapped.

Fresh meat arrives by rail twice a week in iced boxes. To get the best cuts, housewives start queueing at 6 a.m. "Milk is one of our headaches," says Breen. "At present it comes from a dairy in the Barossa Valley. The journey by rail takes four days. The solution may be for us to buy powdered milk, reconstitute it and bottle it in our own dairy."

Each Tree Has A Water Tank

The achievement of which the villagers are most proud, however, is the arboretum. Here, Ted Martin, the arboretum officer, has developed techniques for growing trees and plants in soil previously almost barren of vegetation.

The results are transforming Woomera. The streets are lined with thousands of trees, each watered by its own two-gallon tank sunk into the ground eighteen inches from the tree. On the side nearest the tree is a line of holes. From time to time, effluent from the sewerage works—to save drinking water—is poured into the tanks. There is no evaporation and, since the moisture penetrates deep, the tree is encouraged to grow deep roots which anchor it against strong winds.

Encouraged by the smooth lawn and thriving vegetables at the arboretum, many householders have created their own gardens. Usually, it takes two years to grow a satisfactory lawn.

Because of the rigorous living conditions, Woomera mainly attracts young people. "The

great magnet is a house," says Breen. "For many young married couples who've lived in flats and caravans, this is their first real home."

A typical couple are twenty-three year old Rod Wheelan, Breen's personal assistant, and his wife Christine. For 34s. 6d. a week they rent a fully furnished three-bedroomed house with a pleasant lounge-dinette, kitchen, bathroom and, like all Australian houses, a separate room for washing called a laundry. The furniture includes a refrigerator and an air-cooling unit.

"People usually like to stay for four or five years," says Breen. "The pay is good." On top of the normal rate for the job—the minimum wage in Australia is £9 12s.—Woomera workers receive an allowance of £48 for single men and £64 for married men. With no rates and few opportunities for spending, most people find that a period at Woomera pays well.

Though no one has worked out the statistics, both Breen and local doctors reckon that Woomera's birth rate is the highest in Australia. "The largest number of babies born in one week was seven—in the week of the first British atom-bomb explosion in the Monte Bello Isles," says Breen.

Of the work on the range itself, the authorities reveal little. Australian firms have built fifty Jindiviks, small, pilotless jet-planes, electronically controlled, which can seek out and destroy attacking enemy planes. Although a slight deviation in a rocket's course might bring it crashing on to the village, Breen says: "We couldn't care less here about the danger."

Last year, when all preparations had been made for exploding the atom-bomb, the wind veered unexpectedly and for a week the explosion was delayed. "There was less excitement here than in any village in Australia," says

Breen. "Dr. Penney seemed happiest of all, strolling around in an old hat and shorts."

The village is now almost complete, and Breen talks of retiring during the next year or so. He has already bought property on Norfolk Island, the South Pacific paradise to which the descendants of the Bounty mutineers moved when they outgrew Pitcairn. There he intends to grow tropical fruit and study Tahitian folk-lore. But most people believe that the Commonwealth government will persuade him to stay at Woomera. "You just cannot replace a man like Breen," says one villager.

He was thinking of the mixture of shrewdness and benevolence which has been Breen's formula for guiding Woomera. When government economies set back progress in early 1952, one of the facilities postponed was the bathing-pool, which is a virtual necessity in the arid climate of the Australian desert. The authorities promised, however, that the pool would be ready by the end of the year.

Latest Asset—A Bathing Pool

Aware that there was no possible chance of getting it sooner, Breen used *Gibber-Gabber* to steer the thoughts of the villagers from the pool. At the end of 1952 work had not even started. Breen abruptly shifted his position.

"I hinted that if the pool wasn't ready by the end of 1953, I couldn't be responsible for what happened. Indeed, I should have actively fomented discontent through *Gibber-Gabber*."

The hint was taken, and the pool laid out. Though a treatment-plant, dressing-rooms and other amenities were still lacking by the end of 1953, Breen organized volunteers to make good the deficiency. By Christmas, in Australia's summer, the pool was in full swing. THE END

The wife who walked out

by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

He'd told her to go, and she'd taken him at his word. Now he had meals to get, beds to make . . . and what were the neighbours going to say?

HE STIRRED DROWSILY in those few moments of sheer animal pleasure when the body has just emerged from sleep but the brain has not yet reached full wakefulness. His contentment was short-lived; stabbing all at once into his mind came the recollection of last night's row with Phyllis.

True, they had had many quarrels in their six years of marriage, but never one quite so bitter and never before had the day ended without it being made up. Phyllis was basically a placid, happy girl, and though her temper flared up like a forest fire and her tongue crackled with searing words she was incapable of letting resentment smoulder.

But last night had been different. Things had been said by both of them that surely could not be forgiven or forgotten.

He lay there with closed eyelids, in case from the twin bed she should see that he was awake. He could not now even remember what had started it all—something about clearing away after supper, he thought. Probably another exercise for Phyllis's "managing" instincts.

The trouble was she could never trust people to do things for themselves. She had to advise, explain the best way of doing it—which was, of course, her own way—and then criticize when it was done. He found it maddening. And last night he had let his temper get the better of him.

"Why don't you leave me, if I'm such an inefficient idiot?" he had flared at one point, and Phyllis had calmly replied: "I've seriously thought of it several times in the last year."

He had instantly become sarcastic. "All right, then! Run home to Mother!"

"You're old fashioned." She had gazed at him levelly. "I can live on my own as easily as *that*!" She snapped her fingers. "As I did before I married you."

"Before you made your ghastly error," he said. "Best to retrieve it while there's time."

There had been a lot more of this till finally they had stood facing one another in furious silence. Then abruptly he strode from the room. He had meant it, and so had she. They'd have to do something definite about separating now. He turned in the bed with angry disgust and self-pity, yet with also a strange sense of relief. Abruptly he opened his eyes.

His gaze fell on an unfamiliar wall. For a moment he was puzzled. Then he remembered. He was not in the bedroom, but in the little spare room opposite. After the row he had gone up to his attic studio. After an hour or so, prepared to retire in hard, aloof silence, he had found the spare-room light on and the bed made up, as sometimes happened when he had to work

late. Their bedroom door, however, instead of being as usual ajar, was pointedly shut, and, he discovered by cautiously turning the handle, locked.

Angrier than ever at this, he went to bed in a bitter, corroding mood and had threshed about, sleepless, until he had sunk into the heavy slumber of exhausted emotion.

Heavy hearted, yet still resentful, he reached for his watch. Nine o'clock! Phyllis generally dug him in the ribs about eight, and breakfast was always at a quarter to nine. Drugged with sleep, he hadn't even heard her moving about. How was he to face the situation, he thought, dressing rapidly? In cold silence, speaking only when spoken to—if spoken to, for she might be feeling exactly the same? Or with polite surface remarks? Perhaps, he began to admit grudgingly, he should say he was sorry. Not that that would be much good: things this time had gone too far.

COMING out of the spare room, he saw the bedroom door was open and Phyllis's bed already made. There was something funny about the room, too. He went in, wondering what it was. Then he realized that her dressing-table seemed unwontedly bare—brushes, comb, other small items had vanished. With sudden misgiving he ran to her bed and slipped his hand under the pillow. Her pyjamas were not in their usual place: sponge and toothbrush, too, had gone from the basin.

It just couldn't be, he told himself incredulously—and then saw on the dressing-table an oblong of white. It was a folded note, addressed "Patrick."

"No," he half-shouted, "No"; as if it would alter the fact. He went to the door and yelled harshly, "Phyllis!"

There was no answer, no sound of movement

downstairs. She had gone, had left him, early while he still slept, silently so he should not wake.

He grabbed the note, began to unfold it. Then anger reinforced wounded pride. Why should he bother about her any more when she'd left him flat like that? A note on the dressing-table, too, as in some old novel! No doubt to say she'd gone to her mother's and would he send on her things? And she'd called *him* old fashioned! He thrust it into his pocket and went seething downstairs.

ALL was tidy in the little kitchen—no sign of her having had breakfast. But, of course, she'd have caught the early bus, and the London train had a restaurant car. He made tea, boiled himself an egg, ate miserably from a corner of the kitchen table, trying to accept the situation. How could she have done it like this, all in a rush? The unpleasant answer came to him; that she had not stopped to talk it over first for fear of perhaps changing her mind. And that hurt his vanity even more.

He told himself it was all for the best. A clean break. He even felt a sudden surge of relief. There'd be no more advice and criticism every time he tried to do anything.

He left the breakfast things—a young girl from the village came in to "do" for them in the mornings—and wandered almost cheerfully into the living-room. Fumbling for his pipe he encountered the note. It made him instantly



angry again. He crumpled it up furiously and threw it into the ashes of last night's fire.

"Oh, Phoebe, Mrs. Clandon has gone away for a few days," he told the girl when she arrived, trying to sound matter of fact.

She gulped blankly. "For a few days, sir?" she said in surprise, and it suddenly seemed to him that she was implying, "Not for good, then?" as if their break-up had been expected.

"That's what I said," he snapped, so brusquely that she backed away, scared. "Perhaps when you've done the house you'd put out something for lunch before you go home."

"Yes, sir," she got out, still frightened.

He spent a futile morning. He tried to get on with his drawing as if everything was normal, but soon gave up in disgust. Lunch was terrible. There was some cold meat, but Phoebe's imagination had run no further than an elderly lettuce from the garden and a piece of cheese on a kitchen plate. Of course, Phyllis had been absent before, but only for a day or so, and always had arranged his meals before she left. And with horror he now realized this sort of life was going on for a long while. . . .

Gardening in the afternoon helped him to forget, but there was no Phyllis at teatime to

listen to what he had been doing and to criticize and suggest infuriatingly how he could have done it differently, or other things he should have done instead. Though *was* it so infuriating? Frequently it was more helpful than he would admit: she was equally interested in the garden, though her housework kept her too busy to do much with him.

He made some tea, and went for a walk with a growing sense of self-pity and angry frustration. New problems were now apparent to him. What was he to do about ordering food, running the house, the hundred other little things which would soon tell the world that his wife hadn't been able to stand him any longer?

RETURNING home in a mood of intense depression, he sought refuge in a detective novel by the electric fire in his studio. It was quite late before he realized that no supper was coming unless he got it himself. Gloomily he ate more cold meat, the rest of the lettuce, and cheese again, in the kitchen because it was warmer. His situation seemed worse than ever. His first anger over, he realized he must get in touch with Phyllis, arrange something that wouldn't make the sudden separation so obvious to the neighbourhood. Perhaps he ought to go

away somewhere, ostensibly to join her, and then come back later with a story of her going abroad.

But where was she? He could hardly ring her mother—if she wasn't there after all. Or any of her friends. To ask, "Is my wife with you?" would make him a laughing stock. The note! Where in blazes had he thrown it?

He went swiftly to the sitting-room fire. Phoebe had made it up. He started to pull it to pieces. And there—in with the crumpled newspaper he found the little screwed-up ball. He smoothed it out flat, took it over to the light. He gave a gasp as he began to read:

"Darling, I wanted to remind you last night, but I'm afraid we were both of us in rather

Continued on page 24

He could stand no more. "All right," he said. "Run home to Mother!" She said: "I can live on my own as easily as *that*. As I did before I married you"



Bader tempts fate and crashes in France

As he baled out from the broken plane, his metal leg hooked fast in the cockpit. The next moment he was dangling in mid-air—with the wind clawing his body in a monstrous tug-of-war

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN was over. The Luftwaffe had retired to lick its wounds and, for a while at least, it seemed that the air fighting was finished. Douglas Bader was famous now. To stress "team spirit" the R.A.F. did not name its aces, but every time there had been some new epic about a fighter pilot with no legs, the press knew well enough who it was. Bader had been too busy to notice the publicity much. He lived in the little world of 12 Group Wing, the battle and the new fighter tactics he was evolving.

Now 242 Squadron were back to convoy patrols and normality again, and their C.O. began to get restless. In the routine of unexciting readiness, Bader sometimes swashbuckled

about, jabbing his thumb nostalgically on an imaginary gun button with an accompanying "raspberry" to signify the rattling guns. He took up squash again, clanking sweatily about the court on his two artificial legs and mortifying his fellow pilot, Crowley-Milling, by beating him, though in fairness "Crow" scrupulously obeyed the convention of putting the ball barely within a reasonable distance. Bader often fell noisily but always rose and "pressed on."

Towards the end of 1940, Fighter Command leadership was reshuffled. Bader's Air Officer Commanding, Leigh-Mallory, took command of 11 Group, and to Bader's joy he immediately arranged that 242 Squadron should go to 11 Group, too, posting them to Martlesham, near Felixstowe. For a while Bader was busy with

the flurry of moving. He found a billet in Martlesham village for his wife, Thelma, and sent "Crow" with the Humber shooting brake to drive her down; war or no war, Thelma was a woman and had tied up many odd little bundles without which she would not move.

Martlesham brought back memories of the first time he had taken off for Dunkirk. How much had happened since then! And was still happening. Defeated in the daylight battles, Goering had switched the attack to the night. Now the night skies over Britain were loud with the rumbling of bombers dropping hideous loads. The scientists were working to fit radar into aeroplanes, and meantime the R.A.F. was nearly helpless. The fighters went up and roamed, and now and then they caught a bomber, but not often, and the news reports spoke more confidently than the men in private behind them.

The 242 Squadron still had no part in it. Restlessly, Bader flew the routine convoy patrols with them, but felt better the day a phone call came from 11 Group. "I wanted to be the first to congratulate you again," said Leigh-Mallory. "You've just been awarded the D.F.C. I'm afraid it's long overdue."

Tried To Conceal His Pride

Thelma sewed the diagonally striped ribbon on his tunic after the D.S.O., and his exuberant exterior was awkward with the effort of hiding his pride when the others saw it. He could—and did—brag about things like squash and golf (often with his tongue in his cheek), but a decoration was different.

New Year came and, shortly after, Leigh-Mallory sent for him, and at his headquarters in Uxbridge said: "I suppose life seems pretty dull lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you think about going over to France and giving them a smarten-up?"

Bader was glowing again.

"We thought we might send a few bombers over with a pack of fighters," the A.O.C. went on. "You're experienced in that sort of thing so I thought you might like to be in it."

The operation order labelled "First Offensive Sweep" came to Bader soon after in an envelope marked "Secret." Three Hurricane squadrons would escort six Blenheims to bomb suspected German ammunition dumps in the Forêt de Guines near the Pas de Calais. It does not sound ambitious now, but then it was the first real probe into the unknown enemy and it was "offensive"—taking the fight to the enemy instead of waiting for him to come back. Much better for everyone's morale—except German.

On January 10 Bader, full of hopes for a fight, led 242 Squadron off, and over North Weald joined two more Hurricane squadrons led by



Squadron Leader Ken Holden. A resourceful, droll "old sweat," he was fond of haranguing his pilots in broad Yorkshire: "Now coom on you lads; trouble with you is you've got no expeerience"



Bader returns from a sortie. To help his pilots to spot him in the air, he had his initials "D.B." put on his plane. He was promptly named "Dogsbody"

Wing Commander Victor Beamish, a blocky, square-jawed man who had fought like a tiger in the Battle of Britain. Over Hornchurch they tagged on to the Blenheims and flew out across the Channel. Number 242 Squadron was top cover at about 17,000 feet, and Bader felt bold and buccaneering.

They nipped over the coast near Calais; France looked peaceful, lying softly under snow. In seconds they were over the Forêt de Guines, only a couple of miles inland. Seconds later it was virtually over and they were darting out again. No time to look for bomb bursts; the wary eyes roamed the sky looking for rogs but none appeared. In the last moments before they crossed the coast, the surprised Germans woke up and black puffs of flak stained the cold, crystal air. Odd to see the flak. It was a new enemy. In the Battle of Britain the bursts had been friendly pointers.

Then they were over the sea, and soon landing at Martlesham. It was an anti-climax.

Shot Up German E-boats

But the next days were not so mild. Leigh-Mallory had another idea, which he called "rhubarbs"—sending a pair of fighters darting across the Channel whenever layer cloud hung low over the land, to shoot at anything German aground or aloft. If they got into trouble they could climb and hide in the clouds. On 242 Squadron's first "rhubarb," Bader took Stan Turner with him and shot up two German E-boats. They flew back in high spirits. At Martlesham, when they told the story, everyone wanted to jump into the Hurricanes and try the same lark. They could not *all* go, said Group, sounding slightly pained, so Bader fired off McKnight and Brown together, then a little later, Latta and Cryderman.

Brown was back an hour later. He and McKnight had been having a good time strafing a German battalion in a field near Calais, he said, when half a dozen rogs "bounced" them and things had been busy for several minutes until

he escaped into the clouds. McKnight did not return, which shattered everyone.

Then Cryderman landed, looking shaken after a running fight with Messerschmitts. Latta did not return.

Seven Who Did Not Return

For a while the days drifted; they were busy but it was routine. Occasionally, when the clouds were thick they tried a few "rhubarbs" but saw nothing. Then they hit a bad patch. Three of the Canadian pilots—Laurie Cryderman, Ian Smith and Hugh Tambllyn—were lost while on convoy patrols. Then Ben Brown, pulling sharply out of a steep dive low down, spun off a high-speed stall into the ground. Soon after Sergeant Brimble was posted to Malta and killed on the way. Seven dead in a matter of weeks! At that rate a pilot could expect to live about three months. A squadron of twenty pilots would lose eighty a year, and there seemed no end to the war.

Early in March, Leigh-Mallory sent for Bader. "We're working out ideas to carry the attack across to France in the summer," he said. "Fighter sweeps, like that other one you did, but probably more ambitious. To do it we're building up our 'wing' system, and one of the items on that programme is to appoint wing commanders on certain stations to organize and lead the wings there. You are to be one of those wing commanders. You'll probably be going to Tangmere."

There are times when words sound like music. Wing Commander! In army terms, it meant that he had risen from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel in a year. And Tangmere was in 11 Group—on the South Coast, just across from France.

When Leigh-Mallory had disposed of the congratulations, Bader said: "Will I be able to take 242 Squadron with me, sir?"

"Afraid not," said the A.O.C. "You'll already have three squadrons there. All Spitfires."

Bader suggested awkwardly that in that case

he wasn't sure he wanted to be a wing commander. Leigh-Mallory said firmly: "You'll do what you're told" . . . and then, because he knew his man: "Look at it this way. If you take 242 you won't be able to help favouring them a bit. I know you and how you regard them."

All Bader could do then was to wait for the posting. But 242 Squadron was not pleased. The whole squadron, from the lowest "erk" up, revolved round the C.O. as a tight and exclusive team that had been firmly knit even before the bloody comradeship of the battle.

While he was still waiting, he drove with 242 to Debden to meet the King and Queen. In the mess anteroom before the presentation, Stan Turner, Bader's rugged Canadian flight commander, jabbed his pipe into Leigh-Mallory's chest and said: "Look here, sir, you can't go and post our C.O. away, because we won't work for anyone else."

It was enough to make an English officer's blood run cold. "Turner," Bader bawled. "Stop prodding the A.O.C. with your pipe."

Leigh-Mallory did not seem to mind at all.

Led Wing On A "Snoop"

Tangmere, not far from Southampton, was a prewar station built for two squadrons. Now three Spitfire squadrons—145, 610, and 616—and a Beaufighter squadron lived there and the Spitfires were to fly as the wing. Bader arrived on the morning of March 19, stowed his kit away, and two hours later he was leading two of the squadrons over the Channel, having a "snoop" towards the French coast. The squadrons had not flown as a wing before and in the next two weeks he trained them hard.

Domineering, dogmatic and breezy, Bader saw everything in blacks and whites, never in doubtful greys, and in this new phase of welding an experimental wing together and evolving new tactics to carry the fight to the enemy he made decisions crisply and on the spot, with a confidence that would have been dangerous in

someone else. He startled Tangmere, whose men first regarded him as a noted curiosity, then were impressed and then, as at 242, became devoted (apart from a few, ruffled by his blunt toughness, who resented him. He left no one unmoved: they either half worshipped or detested him, and the little minority of the latter grumbled in their own wilderness).

As the wing knit together he got the itch to fight again, but Leigh-Mallory would not let him cross to the French coast, so he took the wing "snooping" as near as the flexible interpretation of orders would let him, though they never saw a German aircraft. At this time Bader's monocled friend, Wing Commander Woodhall, arrived at Tangmere from Duxford. Newly promoted to group captain, he was to command the station and also to act as controller in the operations room. Bader was pleased, for he and Woodhall had made an ideal team during the Battle of Britain.

A Nickname For Bader

To be more easily recognized in the air during wing-flying, Bader had his initials "D.B." painted on the side of his Spitfire, which prompted Woodhall to christen him "Dogsbody." He called him that in the mess, and in the air, over the radio from the Ops room, and the name stuck. Bader did not mind; it rather amused him.

He started to do some reshuffling in his wing, getting Crowley-Milling and Ian Arthur from 242 Squadron as flight commanders in 610 and 145. The doughty Stan Turner had already arrived and was commanding 145 Squadron, and Ken Holden, a big Yorkshire flight lieutenant in 616, was promoted to command 610 Squadron. The ruddy-faced Holden was a resourceful and rather droll "old sweat," fond of adopting a Yorkshire accent and saying to his pilots: "Now coom on all you lads; trouble with you is you've got no expeerience. Ah'm older than thee."

Bader also found a house for himself and Thelma five miles from the mess, a pleasant little white place with a garden called the Bay House. Thelma came down with her baggage and bundles and her sister Jill, and was utterly delighted with it, the first house she had ever had. It became a social centre for some of Bader's pilots in the evenings, where everyone relaxed in a different atmosphere, though Bader usually slept at the mess to keep in touch.

Still the tactical fanatic, he had begun to feel most dissatisfied with the vics of three aircraft which had been standard squadron formation for so long. A hangover from peacetime, they were clumsy to deploy in battle, and after a lot of thought he evolved a new basic unit, two aircraft abreast so that each pilot's eyes covered his comrade's tail and cut out the need for weaving. He began experimenting, building his wing round these small sections arranged in various patterns.

Wild, "Press-on" Type

As his own number two he often picked the gangling "Cockie" Dundas, who had been so cheered by his voice during a Battle of Britain take-off. He thought that Dundas, still only twenty, was a likely lad, and he also had his eye on another 616 pilot officer, Johnny Johnson, a muscular effervescent youngster, a "press-on" type, somewhat wild and in need of discipline but possessing a hawk-eyed talent for the game and no visible fear. (Bader's judgment and teaching seem to have been good. At twenty-three, Dundas became the youngest group captain in the R.A.F., and Johnson was top-scorer at the end of the war with thirty-eight "kills" confirmed.)

On the night of May 7 a spontaneous party developed in the mess (as it often did) with pilots talking shop and skylarking well into the night. Bader was surrounded as usual by his pilots, sipping orangeade while they nuzzled cans of beer, and after a while Cockie Dundas



Fighter ace Johnny Johnson of "Bader's Bus Co. The Prompt and Regular Service. Return Tickets

said: "Sir, let's have two of the new sections side by side—four aircraft line abreast so that everyone can cover everyone else's tail and everyone can get an occasional squirt in."

The wing commander said it sounded fine. Everyone chattered about the new formation for a long time, working out, for instance, how to handle it in the air when "jumped" by enemy fighters. They decided that at the critical moment the "form" was for the two on the left to scream round in a full circle to the left and for the pair on the right to do likewise to the right, thus joining up again on the tails (it was hoped) of the foiled enemy.

Morning After The Party

In the morning Dundas came down to breakfast feeling not so gay as usual. His skull throbbed and the dry mouth had a taste of sump oil. Bader stumped in and sat at the same table full of rude and ostentatious health. He boomed as he sat down: "That was a damn good idea of yours last night, Cockie, about fours flying abreast."

Dundas smiled wanly and murmured: "I'm glad you liked it."

"Damn good," repeated Bader. "I've been thinking it over. We'll try it today."

Dundas thought without enthusiasm that he did not feel like practice flying.

"Just you and me and a couple of others," Bader went on cheerfully. "We'll duck over to France and see if we can get some Huns to jump us."

For a moment it did not sink in, and then Dundas had a moment of lurching horror. He looked to see if Bader were joking. But he wasn't; he was turning to Woodhouse of 610 Squadron down the table and saying: "Paddy, get yourself a number two and come with us."

They took off at 11 a.m.—Bader, Dundas (wondering why he hadn't kept his mouth shut the previous night), Woodhouse and a Sergeant Mains. They swept down the Channel at 25,000 feet between Dover and Calais in a slightly curving line abreast, as though one were looking at the nails of four fingers spread out; Dundas on the left, Bader fifty yards on his right and slightly in front, a hundred yards to Woodhouse level, and fifty yards again to Mains, slightly behind. Thus they flaunted

themselves up and down off Calais for half an hour, seeing nothing.

Dundas was thinking with longing that in a couple of minutes they would be turning on course for home again, when above, five miles behind, he saw five rogs turning on course after them. He called urgently: "Hallo, Dogsbody! Five rogs five o'clock above."

Bader's voice came delightedly: "Oh, good. I can see 'em, Cockie. I've got 'em." He throttled back a little and the Messerschmitts came up fast. Bader was keeping up a running commentary. . . . "Oh, this is just what we wanted. Wonderful, isn't it?"

Dundas refrained from answering. The rogs were boring in. Bader was going on exultantly: "Keep your eyes on 'em but don't break till I tell you. Let 'em come in. Let 'em come in. Don't break. . . ." He was beside himself with enthusiasm. "Don't break yet. I'll tell you when. . . ."

The rogs were slanting in for the kill when he snapped "Break now!" and abruptly four Spitfires spun round on their wingtips, Bader and Dundas fanning left, and Woodhouse and Mains right.

"Dogsbody, I've Been Hit!"

In one of the tightest turns Dundas could remember, Bader's tailwheel bobbed above his windscreen, but his vision kept greying out as the mounting "g" kept loading his lanky, sagging frame, forcing the blood from the brain. (He'd heard some theory that Bader could turn sharper than anyone because he'd lost his legs and the blood could not sink that far.) Better straighten a bit or ease the turn and see where the Huns were. Must be nearly round the circle. He eased pressure on the stick and, as his sight returned, the Spitfire flinched and shuddered under crashing explosions as cannon shells slammed into her. Sickeningly, he remembered the last time he had been hit.

Bader, reefing his machine out of the turn, saw the leading rog darting just in front, fired in the same moment, saw the flash of bullet strikes and the rog keel over out of sight, shovelling out black smoke. He heard Dundas, tense and edgy, in his earphones: "Dogsbody, I've been hit!" (They had actually turned inside the two rearmost rogs, which had opened fire as the



Only." In August, 1941, Bader did not return, but his comrades fought on



"Cockie" Dundas flew in Bader's section—a hectic job, he found

last two Spitfires straightened. Sergeant Mains was also hit.)

With cannon shells in the wing roots and glycol pipes, Dundas was peeling off gushing white smoke. Bader nosed down after him to give cover, but the 109s had vanished and only one other Spitfire was in sight. With height to play with and some power still in the engine, Dundas nursed his aircraft back over the coast to Hawkinge Aerodrome, where it cut suddenly when he was too high to land properly and unable to go round again. Rather desperately he gingerly pushed his nose, wheels up, at about 150 m.p.h. on to the grass to try to break the speed, and she bounced and thumped rendingly, just missing a collection of brand-new Spitfires on 91 Squadron's dispersal. Shaken, he climbed out and was met by a furious 91 Squadron C.O. demanding to know what the hell he thought he was doing.

Woodhouse got back to Tangmere all right, and Mains, tail damaged but unhurt, landed at another field.

Eventually, Dundas got back to Tangmere, where Bader, seeing he was all right, boomed: "You're a silly clot, Cockie. What the hell did you go and do that for? Anyway, I'm damn glad to see you're back all right." Then, suddenly enthusiastic again: "I think I know what the trouble is. Instead of breaking outwards we should have all broken in one circle, all the same way, so we stick together and don't lose sight of the enemy. All it wants is some practice. We'll try again soon."

Pioneers Of "Finger Four"

After that the desolate Dundas, oddly, was not so shaken; he felt it was just an incident in the search for knowledge and was proud to be on such terms with the C.O. Bader tried it again with another section the next day, but this time over Tangmere, with a friendly section of 616 Spitfires doing the attacking. Breaking the same way, he found that the "finger four" line abreast was ideal; flexible and good for both defence and attack. Inside a week the "finger four" became the backbone of the wing (and was later copied by other wings and used extensively throughout the war).

In June the Germans startled the world by marching on Russia and it became imperative

to force Hitler into diverting more fighters back to France. Leigh-Mallory thought that the Blenheims with a ton of bombs which had been used in the earlier attacks were too light to force the issue, so he pestered Bomber Command till they reluctantly let him have some four-engined Stirlings which, on the short haul to France, could carry nearly six tons of bombs each. He packed about two hundred Spitfires round them and sent them across the coast to an inland target. With the swarm of darting fighters about the bombers, Bader thought the flight looked like a great beehive. He said so at the group conference later, and thereafter it was known as the "Beehive."

Enter Germany's Fighter Ace

Leigh-Mallory's tactics began to pay: Goering was pulling fighter squadrons out of Russia. Over France now they were coming up in packs of thirty and forty. Oberstleutnant (lieutenant-colonel) Galland, Germany's most distinguished fighter leader, was reported in St. Omer with a full Geschwader (Group) of 109s. The R.A.F. estimated that their fighters were knocking down three Germans to every two Spitfires lost, and that was profitable. Rarely was a bomber lost, and then only to flak.

Things began to warm up. On June 21 the Beehive went to St. Omer, and the Tangmere Wing flew in ahead to de-louse. Next day, Bader led his wing with the Beehive to Hazebrouck, the day after to Béthune; next day to Béthune again and the day after that to Comines. His romantic side was stirred to be flying fighters over towns with the names he had read in the books by McCudden, Bishop, Ball and company of the first World War . . . Douai, Arras, Hazebrouck, Béthune.

In the air they would assemble over "Diamond" (code name for Beachy Head) and set course for France, seeing far below the wash of air-sea rescue launches speeding out from the ports to take station where they might pick up the lucky ones who were shot down alive into "the drink." Disconcerting but also comforting.

Always it was Bader leading 616 in a loose mass of three "finger fours," climbing to about 20,000 feet. A couple of thousand feet above, behind and to the right, Holden led 610, and far above them, perhaps climbing to 30,000

feet, stretched right across the sky in a long crescent, Stan Turner covered them with 145, usually keeping up-sun.

On the way across no one broke radio silence till they were nearly over the French coast where the Germans could see them. Then it was usually Bader, calling Woodhall in the Ops room. "Hallo, Woodie, any trade in sight?"

"Hallo, Dogsboddy. Beetle answering. Seems to be a strong reaction building up over the Big Wood [St. Omer]. About thirty or forty plus gaining altitude to the east of the objective. I am watching them. That's all for now."

And Bader: "Did you get that, Ken?"

"O.K."

"Did you get that, Stan?"

Turner was more inclined to colour his answer, having a habit of saying in a quavering falsetto, like a startled chambermaid: "Oh dear! Oh dear! How terrifying. How simply terrifying," followed by a wild sound that was half laugh, half neigh.

Joke To Ease The Tension

As they crossed the coast by the "Golf Course," the code name for Le Touquet, Bader chattered amiably: "That eighteenth green could do with mowing, Ken, couldn't it?" (From 20,000 feet the greens on Le Touquet golf course were the size of pinheads.)

After remarks like that the tension eased and Woodhall knew exactly where they were; then Bader's voice lost its flippant tone and thereafter was crisp.

Soon Woodhall would come in again: "Hallo, Dogsboddy. The 109s over the Big Wood are climbing south. Looks as though they might be trying to come in down-sun on your right flank."

"O.K., Woody."

A few minutes silence and then: "Hallo, Dogsboddy. If you look about three o'clock above I think you'll see what you're looking for."

It was uncanny how accurate Woodhall was. Usually in a few moments someone saw them sliding into sun-ambush, looking against the sky like a stream of silver fish darting in a ragged straggle through a pool. They broke into small packs to come in from many angles, and

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I felt my strength going, and the room whirled round. Motley stood over me, a girl at his side. "Make ready, Anne," he said. Then I lost consciousness

RAFFLES AND THE SATURDAY PILGRIM

by **BARRY PEROWNE**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Callers on old Eustace Motley had a habit of vanishing. So I was to pay him a visit myself. And Raffles would be watching every move . . .

A MATCH FLARED IN THE dark cab. The hoofs of the trotting horse sounded a rapid rhythm. Raffles held the match in cupped hands to the man sitting opposite him. The light glimmered on Henry Saulsby's young, hard, arrogant face, and glinted on his rimless eyeglass, as he dipped his cigarette to the flame.

"Thanks," he said.

The lined, clever face of Norris Peters came into view as he took his turn at the match. Then Raffles held it for me, sitting beside him, and lastly lighted his own cigarette. He glanced from the window as he flicked out the spent match.

"Just passing Kensington Gardens," he said.

It was a cold, drizzly evening. The four of us had been at the same school in our time, a public school on the outskirts of London. We had run into each other that afternoon while taking a look at the current rugby team.

Saulsby, who had told us he was not long back from travelling abroad, had been at the school later than Raffles's and my day. Peters, a barrister had been there long before us.

"I'm going to the club for dinner," Peters said. "Any of you going there?"

"I am," said Saulsby.

"Raffles? Manders?" Peters asked.

"Sorry, we've an engagement," said Raffles.

"In fact, we get out here." He called to the driver, who reined in his horse with a jingle of harness. This was the first I had heard of our having an engagement, and I was surprised.

The cab drove off, leaving us standing by a rain-wet pillar-box with its royal cypher, *V.R.*, in the watery gleam of a street-lamp.

"Cheer up, Bunny," Raffles said, "we've not far to walk. Just down the road here. There's a small matter I want to look into."

I SAID, "If you're planning a job, count me out. Only last Saturday, a week ago today, we brought off that coup at the County and Continental Bank, and we're in funds."

"Just so," said Raffles, "and the point is relevant. Remember Gerry Tarran at school?"

"Chap who went into the army," I said, "but piled up so many debts that he had to resign his commission. Gone to pieces. Drinks like a camel. Is it something to do with him, our going to that rugby match?"

"In a way," Raffles said. "Gerry called on me last week—mid-week—and wanted to borrow two hundred quid. I just hadn't got it at the time, and he said he was going to try his luck with old Motley. You remember old Motley—Mr. Eustace Motley, M.A.? He still teaches Latin and Greek at the school. Gerry said he was an obvious soft touch, and had written to him. The old boy had invited him to his house at ten on Monday evening. That was last Monday."

I certainly remembered Motley. He was said to be well connected, with considerable private means. He had lived with a widowed sister and



Motley glanced up from the table. A steely look was in his eyes. "What taste is it you gratify by spying on an old man?" he said

her daughter in Kensington, going to and from the school daily in a hansom. After his sister's death, he had gone on in the same way.

"Did Gerry get his two hundred quid?" I asked.

"I don't know," Raffles said. "I went round to Gerry's chambers yesterday, and I learned a queer thing. He went out at nine o'clock last Monday evening, and he hasn't been seen since." And as far as I'm aware, Bunny, I'm the only person who knows where he was going that evening, and I'm curious. That's why we went to the rugby match. I wanted to see if old Motley was there. He wasn't. However, I gathered that the old man drives out of London somewhere in a hansom every Saturday, carrying—of all things—a bast fish-basket. He's invariably away the whole day, and on his way back, according to my informant today, always stops for dinner at Florian's Chophouse, in Knightsbridge. So I thought you and I'd just drop in at Florian's this evening—on spec." He pushed open the door of the restaurant as he spoke. It was a cosy little place with panelled walls, padded settles and pewter-laden sideboard.

We had hardly sat down at a table before Mr. Motley arrived. Countless times had I seen that

tall, thin, erect figure enter the classroom. But then a gown had billowed about him, whereas now he was frock-coated and silk-hatted, with a long, woollen scarf in the school colours—chequered black and white—wound round his neck. In one hand he held an umbrella and a yellow bast fish-basket from which protruded the handle of a gardening trowel. With his other hand he flicked an end of his scarf over his shoulder, then fumbled for his pince-nez.

I had to grin. "You can't really imagine old Motley has anything to do with Gerry Tarran's disappearance, Raffles?"

He did not answer. Instead, with the ease of manner I had always envied, he rose and approached the schoolmaster. I saw them shaking hands. Then he was bringing old Motley to our table. I stood up.

"And Manders, too?" said old Motley. "But how delightful!" His handshake was fussy and his smile had a sensitivity that was oddly at variance with the searching, almost suspicious look his pale blue eyes gave me. "Indeed, yes—of course—I shall be charmed to join you."

THE meal progressed, and we talked, inevitably, about the school. Raffles went on in his easy way to speak of various men who had been there in our day. He dropped Gerry Tarran's name very smoothly into the list. Too smoothly, perhaps. For old Motley did not rise to it, did not remark that he had seen Tarran only last week.

"So many boys," murmured old Motley.

"I ran into Tarran," said Raffles, jiggling the bait a bit, "not long ago."

"So very many boys," said old Motley. "Really, one quite loses track." There could be no mistaking his evasiveness.

I knew Raffles was puzzled, as I was myself. Beyond doubt, old Motley was wary of us both.

"Florian," he said when he was sipping his coffee, "does one really quite passably. I was famished, do you know. I've been out of London all day and the weather was abominable. Oh, most," he added, as he set down his cup. He seemed to brood over it for a while. And then, in a tone strangely different from his normal faddiness of speech, he said, addressing the cup, "Perhaps it has always been known at the school how I spend my Saturdays."

"I never remember, sir," Raffles said, "hearing anything of the kind."

"Do you not?" said old Motley. "Well, as it happens—I go out of London. Whatever the weather, I spend every Saturday at Kew. I go there," he said, speaking as though short of breath, "to tend three graves."

I felt that something cold had touched me.

"That of my parents," said old Motley, "that of my beloved sister and—the grave that will be my own." He touched the spoon in his saucer with a white, fastidious finger. "I had fondly

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Ray Amm tries every trick for speed

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

The fastest man on British motor cycles seeks an extra mile an hour by hammering his machine—and visiting the hypnotist



SHORTLY BEFORE THE 1952 Isle of Man Tourist Trophy race was due to begin, spectators were startled to see one of the entrants seize a hammer and attack his racing motor cycle. The rider, a lantern-jawed Southern Rhodesian named Ray Amm, beat a large dent in the top of the petrol tank. Amm then lined the dent with rubber, making a cushioned pocket for his prominent jaw so that he would offer less resistance to the wind.

One of the men who watched Amm's race preparations was Gilbert Smith, managing director of Norton Motors, Ltd. He was so impressed with Amm's attention to detail that soon after he hired him as a rider. Smith's decision paid dividends the following year, when Amm won both the T.T. races and went on with Eric Oliver, the sidecar champion, to make sixty-one world speed records.

"One of the first things I noticed about Ray Amm," says Smith, a shrewd judge of racing form, "was that he tries to make himself part of his machine."

This effect is heightened when Amm is riding the streamlined model used to make the world speed records. Appropriately nicknamed the "Amm Sandwich," its cowling is tailored to envelop Amm in what is virtually a metal suit.

"Ray," said one of his friends recently, "would actually wear a metal suit—if he thought it would save a second during a race."

A young man of twenty-six in a hurry, William Raymond Amm is the fastest man riding British-made machines; he is involved in a constant duel with Geoffrey Duke, the world champion, who rides Italian motor cycles.

Prestige And Sales At Stake

The stakes are the riders' reputations and the prestige that victory brings to the manufacturers. Especially in export markets, sales are greatly influenced by race records. Probably the most important of these is the Senior Tourist Trophy race on the Isle of Man, in which Duke and Amm will clash on June 18.

Mounted on a £5,000 Norton works machine, Amm enters these races with an unusual background combining deep religious faith, engineering training and an urge to try anything—even hypnotism—to improve his performance.

The first thing Amm did after winning both T.T. races last year was to make a public declaration of gratitude. "I would like to thank God for having brought me safely through the races. I want to thank my wife for her support, and Nortons for providing me with the machines that allowed me to win."

Struck by the religious note, Gilbert Smith took his champion rider aside and asked him just what he meant. In return, Amm gave him a lucid lecture on theology.

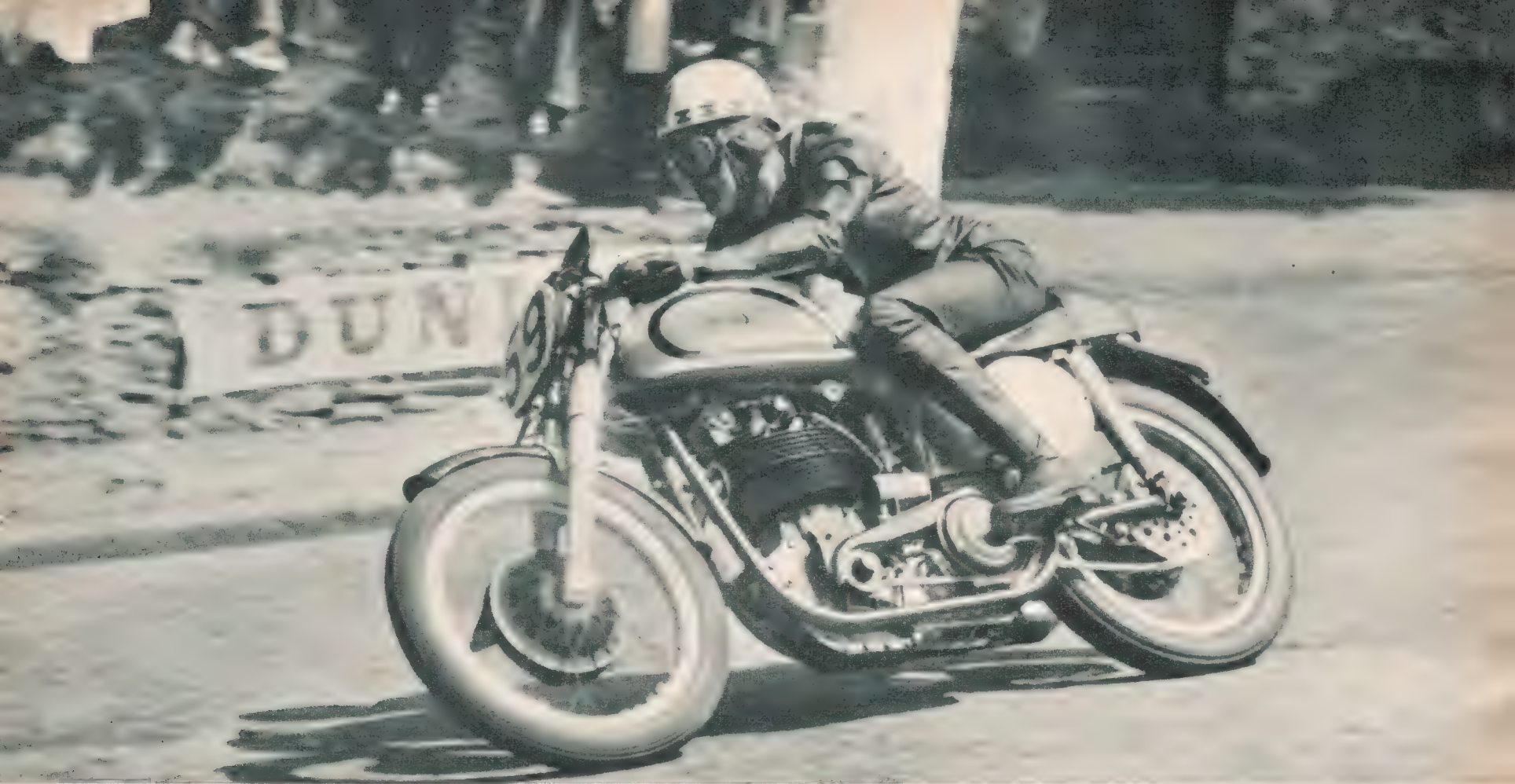
Knows His Machine Inside Out

Amm realizes that in addition to his personal faith he must also depend on technical knowledge to win races. A draughtsman by training, he is familiar with each of the 1,500-odd parts that go into his motor cycle. He can also draw from memory an accurate map of the thirty-seven mile Isle of Man circuit, for which he holds the lap record of 97.41 miles an hour.

He believes that one mile an hour extra speed is contributed by the skin-tight racing suit he wears. Made of Austrian pony hide, each suit costs Amm £32. He adopted the light, close-fitting uniform after making tests on a French race track, where he discovered that bulky, padded clothing appreciably reduced his maximum speed. Under the leather, Amm wears ballet dancer's tights.

One factor that may affect performance is

After congratulations from his wife on winning the 1953 Junior T.T., Amm made a declaration of faith: "I thank God for bringing me through"



Skin-tight racing leathers, with ballet tights underneath, give Amm extra speed, he believes. He holds the Isle of Man lap record—97.41 m.p.h.

smoking, a habit Amm has trouble in controlling. Shortly before this year's racing season began, he was advised to cut down the number of cigarettes he smokes. Finding it difficult to do so, he went to a hypnotist. After several sessions under hypnosis, Amm is still looking for a way to stop smoking.

Apart from his weakness for cigarettes, Amm is a determined young man who usually gets his way. Two years ago, while preparing for the German Grand Prix at Stuttgart, he fell off his machine while travelling at more than a hundred miles an hour. After four weeks in hospital with chipped vertebrae and a broken leg he persuaded the doctors to discharge him with only a short plaster cast on the fractured leg.

Wearing the cast, Amm won a 350 c.c. race in Germany, travelled to Italy to win another junior event, and was doing well in the senior Grand Prix des Nations when his chain broke and he was forced to retire.

Amm's tactics in last year's Senior T.T. were "to remain cool, calm and collected." He achieved this until half way around the second lap, when Duke, on his Italian machine, passed him. "That really woke me up. Duke had started behind me, and I knew I had to stay with him."

Thoroughly aroused, he made a new record for the next lap. After refuelling, he overtook his rival, who had been forced out of the race by mechanical failure. As he continued around the circuit, Amm was notified by signals that he had built up a long lead over the rest of the field.

"I thought to myself that this was the time to go carefully. I dropped speed, but it felt as if I were going too slowly—I know better now. Then I had to take a right-hand bend near the limit, and the left-hand side of the machine caught against the road bank. Off I came."

His motor cycle's mudguard was bent, the left-hand footrest was broken off, and he could no longer use the back brake. Luckily the engine kept running, and he was able to straighten the mudguard, climb on and finish in first place.

On his first attempt at the Senior T.T. in 1951, Amm struggled home twenty-seventh. Next year he was third on his own machine, in competition with works-maintained entries. "You need three years to do that course justice," he says. "The

first year to learn where the bends are, but there are so many of them that you don't know the maximum speed for each one."

Each year, Amm arrives at the Isle of Man well before race week. The roads are closed temporarily to allow practice runs. This year, entrants will also have to study the changes made to the circuit after an outcry over race casualties; ninety-one riders have been injured since 1948, and in forty-six years of T.T. racing twenty-six riders have been killed.

To Amm, the course itself is not dangerous, and he doubts if the changes have improved it. "There is one place where you used to go over a jump. You might go three or four feet in the air. It was tricky—but not dangerous. Now that has been smoothed out."

In contrast to the machines he now rides, Amm's first motor cycle was an ancient belt-driven type. Later, he bought another machine and, after overhauling it, swapped it for a better one. About this time the Salisbury Motor Cycle Club began a racing programme. Amm was placed second in a handicap race, and decided to make a career of motor cycle racing.

Motor Cycle In The Bedroom

His enthusiasm for the sport infected his mother, the first white girl to be born in Southern Rhodesia. She not only helped him to buy one of the first postwar models, but raised no objection when he insisted on keeping the machine in his bedroom. At twenty-two, Amm married a flaxen-haired local girl named Jill, whom he had known since he was nine, and also persuaded her that motor cycles deserve a place of honour in the home.

Shortly after his twenty-third birthday, he scraped together enough money to buy one-way tickets to Britain for himself and his wife. Their goal was the Isle of Man T.T. race. On his first try, he came ninth in the junior event. Full of confidence, he started out in the senior event, only to find his clutch slipping. He stopped to repair it and still managed to finish twenty-seventh in what was only the fourth road race of his life.

Undaunted, the couple decided to make a tour of the Continental classic races in a second-hand van that also carried two racing motor

cycles. Amm was his own mechanic. Jill cleaned the machines and cooked and kept house in the van.

When the season ended, the Amms had just enough money for the fare home. Ray's mother met them at Port Elizabeth and they had to borrow from her to pay the fares to Salisbury. On his first appearance back on the local track, Amm fell off his machine. However, the mishap did not stop him planning a return to the Isle of Man for the next year's racing season.

Soon after the 1952 season opened, Smith invited Amm to join the Norton team. This meant riding the works machines in all the race classics, and off-season employment as a test rider for newly designed or modified motor cycles.

Italian Champions Earn More

As one of the top men in his profession, Amm receives an annual fee in the neighbourhood of £6,000. Taxes cut this figure almost in half. A delicate subject with both riders and manufacturers of British machines is the fact that Italian firms can afford to offer champion riders £6,000 a year, tax paid. To pay a team of three riders a tax-free salary of £6,000 would cost a British company £156,000.

Although his employers provide a van to carry the machines and the mechanics to service them on the Continent, Amm and his wife still travel in their own wheeled workshop, which is fitted out both for sleeping and overhauling motor cycles. Frequently, as the mechanics tune the machines, they find him watching closely over their shoulders. At other times, they discover him working on some theory that may shave another second off his time.

"Ray is never happy unless he has something to keep him busy," said one of the mechanics at the start of this season. "Lately, we've been finding him hammering out his racing number plates to give them a domed appearance in the hope that it will cut down wind resistance."

Winning races is not the only motive behind Amm's love of speed. He feels safer while travelling swiftly—and with good reason. His first mishap this year was falling off a motor cycle while it was idling through the factory at about one mile an hour.

THE END

BHOWANI JUNCTION

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

I was worried, nervy and frightened. Did I really love Ranjit? Did I want to be an Indian the rest of my life?

THE LAST FEW WEEKS at Bhowani had been a nightmare. Anywhere in India in 1946 would have been a nightmare, I suppose; but for me it started the day I came home from the army.

My name is Victoria Jones, and I am an Anglo-Indian: I have Indian blood in my veins. Now, I saw our community with new eyes, and I didn't like what I saw. We looked down on the Indians, aped the British, called England "home." The tragedy was that the British were going home. We weren't. This was our home.

I had been practically engaged to a man called Patrick Taylor, who worked for the railway. But now he seemed to stand for everything in the Anglo-Indian character I disliked. He was bumptious, touchy, unsure of himself.

Things came to a head between us when the Gurkhas arrived to guard the railway, and Colonel Savage, their tough, sardonic young commanding officer, seconded me to his staff. I was the only woman. . . . Patrick was jealous and difficult; his Sikh assistant, Ranjit Kasel, sorrowful and adoring; and Savage's adjutant, Lieutenant Macaulay—

Macaulay, fleshy and sensual, brought the nightmare to a sudden wild peak. We were all under strain then—and I hit him with a piece of metal fishplate. I murdered him!

It was meek and timid Ranjit who shielded me, and his mother, the formidable Sirdarni, who arranged the disposal of the body.

The Sirdarni kept open house for Indian extremists. She drew me into her circle, persuaded me to wear the sari; she wanted me as a daughter-in-law. It would be a sharp break in my life; already my family and friends had ostracized me.

Savage, harshly contemptuous of my new associations, tried to show me I couldn't run with both sides. With sabotage and rioting going on, my place was with authority against the Sirdarni's friends. A drive was on to capture a terrorist called K. P. Roy (I suspected he was the man who had hidden Macaulay's body). The A.F.I.—the local Home Guard—led by Patrick Taylor, had been called out.

After a day of exhausting incidents, Savage told me to report for duty at four thirty the following morning. He was dead beat, driving himself to the limit. I could almost like him. . . .

PART 6

Rendezvous, Four Thirty

SAVAGE was waiting in his jeep at four thirty, the radio and escort jeeps drawn up behind. As soon as I parked my bicycle he called me. I got in beside him, and we drove off.

"Where are we going?" I said.

"To see the Collector." (Govindaswami, head

of the civil district at Bhowani, was traditionally known as the Collector.)

The sweeping lights showed two tongas standing in front of the main steps of the Collector's bungalow, and two cars—the deputy superintendent's station wagon and the Collector's ancient little vehicle. In the distance I heard motor engines: a convoy of Gurkha trucks on the move, going south towards the city.

The curtains were drawn in Govindaswami's study, and the lights seemed harsh to me, coming in out of the soft night. Mr. Surabhai, the local Congress leader, was there with two other men, and the Sirdarni-sahiba, and Ranjit, and a Moslem gentleman, and Deputy Superintendent Lanson, and the Collector.

GOVINDASWAMI sat down on the edge of his desk, his feet on the seat of the swivel chair, and his shiny black hands locked below one gleaming white knee.

"I have asked you all to come here," he said, "because in one way or another you are the leading citizens, official and non-official, of Bhowani. As you know, we have been trying for some time now to find K. P. Roy and a lot of explosives and ammunition that he stole. We have not received the co-operation we ought to get. So today we are searching the city. All the Gurkhas and all the police will be engaged. I want to ask you all, for the last time, if you can give me any information."

He asked us in turn. Nobody had anything to say.

The Collector gave a brisk nod. He said, "Very well. That is all. The search will begin at once."

Colonel Savage made no move to go out with the others, so I waited. When the door had closed behind them, he turned to me. "Now, your job. I'm setting up my headquarters in the station yard—in the lorries. You'll find the maps for this operation in the office lorry."

I took out my notebook, but I could hardly write, the feeling of guilty despair was growing so strong in me. Every moment that I held my tongue tied me more closely to lawlessness and violence.

Savage said, "The search is beginning in the western segment of the city, nearest the railway line, and working east and south. Stay at headquarters. You may be wanted at any time. That's all."

Govindaswami said, "When are you going to be initiated into the Sikh religion, Miss Jones?"

The question nearly brought my panic into the open. I said slowly, "Monday next."

The Collector smiled and patted my shoulder. He said, "Don't sound so worried. I'm sure you



Ranjit was proud and exalted. He raised his head and



are doing the right thing. Ranjit's one of the nicest young men there are, but he needs his religion. It ought to be a tie between you. When is the marriage to be?"

I told him, "July first." He hoped that Colonel Savage was giving me plenty of leave for it.

Savage said, "She'll be out of the army before then. I've written to G.H.Q."

Savage went out, got into his jeep, and waited, frowning to himself, while I adjusted my sari and climbed in after him.

When we reached the station yard, he left me there and drove away. I climbed up into the office three-tonner, looked at the maps, and tried to work out when the search would reach the Sirdarni's house—late in the afternoon, probably.

Light came, the sun rose, and a Gurkha brought me tea, bread, and bacon and eggs. The A.F.I. armoured car came back from a patrol. Twice we got messages on the walkie-talkies that sent me to houses where Moslem ladies, their men away, were entrenched in the zenanas and refusing to admit the Gurkhas.

Then Patrick came into the yard on his motor bicycle to resume command of the armoured car. He had put on a clean uniform, his head was professionally bandaged, and his big military topi sat on top of it.

I walked over to him, but he turned his back on me. I said, "Patrick," but he did not answer. If only he hadn't let off his gun at the students, there'd have been no need for Savage to throw the inkwell; no need for Patrick now to be nursing his head and his pride. If only. . . .

I said, "Patrick, are you all right?"

No answer.

I said, "Patrick, Colonel Savage didn't want to hurt you. He had to. He did it to save you from getting into awful trouble. I saw it all."

PATRICK wheeled round on me, his pale eyes blazing and his face red. He said, "He was trying to make a fool of me, like all of them are trying to make fools of all of us now. You are a—a traitor!" He turned his back again.

Perhaps he was waiting for me to put my arms round him and beg for forgiveness. But I couldn't do that. I could only try to find words to make him understand that I knew how he felt.

I climbed slowly up the stairs to the Traffic Office. Ranjit was working there alone, as I had hoped. I said, "Ranjit, do you think any of that explosive is hidden in your mother's house?"

He put down his pen and looked at me sadly. "I don't know." He changed the subject. "I'm seeing the guru every day now. He wants you to go to him tomorrow."

I said, "Saturday? What for?"

He said, "To talk to you. He wants to give you time before Monday to think over what you are doing."

"I won't change my mind," I said bravely and quickly, not daring to face the truth. Of course I had thought of changing my mind—a hundred times—but where was I to go? Back to the sneers of my sister, Rose Mary?

Gently, Ranjit took my hand. "You are so good, Victoria. When we are married we will get a house and then—oh, it will be truly wonderful."

"You must get a house for us before we are married," I said sharply.

"I'm trying," he muttered. "It is very difficult."

I said, "I don't care, you've got to get one, Ranjit." He looked so miserable that I put my hand on his cheek and stroked it gently. I said, "I'm sorry, but please cheer up, Ranjit. You make me feel we are going to be executed instead of married." I slid my hand round and rested it on the back of his neck. I whispered, "Kiss me. You promised."

I felt the muscles in his neck stiffen, and he was trying to move his head back, but I held

houted the responses. It was my turn next. I had an awful feeling the words would stick in my throat



"I killed Macaulay!" I screamed. Savage sat tense and silent. I shouted out the whole story

him and put my parted lips close under his. He said, "Oh, Victoria, I can't, I mustn't! Look, they can see from across the yard."

With a strong effort, he jerked away from me. His eyes were wild and his chest heaving. He said, "I must not. I want to, Victoria, but I must not. When we are married everything will be all right, I promise you. I adore you so much, Victoria. I will do anything for you."

I said, "Except leave your mother's house. Or kiss me."

He said, "I can't."

I turned away from him to dab my eyes. I didn't feel insulted, only hurt and sad.

He said, "Victoria—do you know, are you allowed to tell me when the Gurkhas will reach our house?"

I said, "I know and I'll tell you, whether I'm supposed to or not. About five o'clock. Not before. Why?"

He said, "I think I ought to be there. I am afraid my mother will do something that will get her into trouble."

I couldn't resist saying, "Could you stop her, Ranjit, if she had made up her mind?"

"I don't know," he answered seriously, "but I would try." I came as close to the point of loving him then as I ever had.

DURING the afternoon, ammunition and explosives, brought in by the truck-load, began to pile up in the station yard. By a quarter to five only four hundred pounds of P.E.K. and a few oddments, including fuse, were still missing. Several men had been questioned and released. One woman was in jail for further questioning.

At ten to five, Ranjit came down from his office and bicycled quickly away up the Street of Suttees.

At a quarter past five, Savage returned, and ordered me into the jeep. He didn't say where we were going, but I knew.

He stopped the jeep a hundred yards short of the Kasel house, got out, lit a cheroot, and stood watching the slow progress of his men searching houses down the street.

A group consisting of a havildar, a naik, eight riflemen, and a foot-constable came out of a house near us and walked forward. Mr. Lanson's station wagon drove up. Lanson, a sub-inspector of police, a head constable, and Subadar-Major Manbir got out. Together, they all advanced on

the Sirdarni's house. Mr. Govindaswami's car buzzed up. Savage and I saluted him, and the three of us fell in at the back of the procession.

The outer door at the foot of the long stair was locked. The police sub-inspector banged on it and shouted, several times, "Open, in the name of the law," but the door did not open.

The police tried to barge the door open with their backs, but it would not budge, so the Gurkha havildar broke it down with a crowbar. We began to climb the gloomy stairs.

"Halt!"

It was Mr. Surabhai's high voice, ringing and booming in the stairwell. We all stopped.

MR. SURABHAI cried, "You are breaking and entering, and making a burglarious entry, I warn you." A brilliant flash of light made me blink. Lanson ducked; his hand dropped to the butt of the pistol in his holster. Savage turned slowly to look at him, his eyebrows raised.

Mr. Surabhai cried, "There, now I have the photographic record. There will be more, mister. Every single thing which you do in this house shall be emblazoned across the headlines of the world, mister. Come up now. Please be careful of yourselves, gentlemen, there is an unfortunate rut in the fourth step—here."

He turned, and we followed him silently up the stairs. Savage's face had hardened, and I knew him well enough to realize that he was shaking with laughter. Lanson was flushed and furious at having mistaken a flashbulb for a pistol shot.

The search began. The Sirdarni sat motionless in her chair, with Ranjit standing behind her, and did not speak. Mr. Surabhai and a small, dark photographer followed the searchers everywhere. Flashbulbs popped regularly.

Govindaswami, Savage, Lanson, and I stayed in the big room. At last the sub-inspector came in to tell Lanson they had found nothing and nobody on this floor or the floor above.

"What about the floor below?" Lanson asked. "There was a padlocked door on the left as we came in—near the foot of the stairs. That must lead into a lower storey."

Mr. Surabhai said: "There is a sick lady resting there. She is a close friend to me. She can by no account be disturbed. Here is the primary evidence thereof—this has been photographed." He fished out a slip of paper and handed it

triumphantly to Lanson. It was a note signed by a Doctor Datt—a well-known Congress Left-winger in Bhowani.

Lanson read the note, and said, "It says that the woman is seriously ill and may not on any account be moved or disturbed."

Govindaswami said: "Nevertheless, we shall search the room, Mr. Surabhai. I won't deprive you of any evidence of our brutality." Mr. Surabhai looked relieved.

We went down the stairs. Mr. Surabhai took station in front of the door, his arms outspread. When he had been photographed defending the door against us, he stood aside.

Lying on a charpoy was a thinly clothed woman. "The poor, unfortunate female is sick of the palsy," Mr. Surabhai said.

The woman started up on the charpoy, put her hands to her face, and let out a piercing scream. The flashbulb exploded.

For Mr. Surabhai this was the core of the search. There might be explosives hidden in the house, there might be murderous revolutionaries in hiding nearby—but all that mattered was that he should get evidence of British brutality. He was of the old school of Indian politicians, who had developed this into a kind of game, which the British were kind enough to play with them.

"Search the room," Lanson said angrily, and muttered under his breath, "Damned farce!" But he was wrong. The woman really was ill. The screams were acting, but she was really in pain and was suffering.

Govindaswami said, "Look under the bed. Then you'd better get the doctor to see her again, Surabhai."

The sub-inspector got under the bed. When he crawled out he had a lump of iron in his hand. He handed it to Lanson. "This, sahib, nothing else."

Lanson turned the broken piece of fishplate over, then wrapped one end of the fishplate in a handkerchief. He held it under Mr. Surabhai's nose, and said, "Did you put this there?"

Mr. Surabhai stared at the black rusted blood, and the blond hairs sticking to it along one of the fishplate's sharp edges. He whispered, "That is—blood?"

Savage said, "Macaulay's blood. It's Macaulay's hair."

Lanson shot him a quick, angry look. Mr. Surabhai stammered, "M-murder! This is the same instrument that committed murder?"

There was not enough air in there for me to breathe. I was beginning to suffocate. The hot, scented air filled my whole head and my ears and nose, and blotted out the grimy light and the crowd, and the woman's naked brown shaved body swung slowly round with the bed, and up and up. . . .

Ranjit's was the first face I saw when I recovered. His face was above me, the fuzz of new beard growing like a halo round it, the cold metal of the new bangle on his wrist touching my neck.

I thought: he does love me, he's left his mother upstairs and come running to me.

Then the police got busy, and things happened quickly. . . .

IT was a few days later. The Sirdarni was in jail because she wouldn't say anything about the fishplate. Mr. Surabhai had also been taken to jail, but after questioning, Lanson had let him go.

I knew why. Govindaswami had said, "First, there's no doubt that K. P. Roy put the fishplate there. Second, he put it there as a follow-up to the 'Quit India' which he put on Macaulay's body—to confirm the impression that Congress was responsible, and that Surabhai knows more than he is telling about the murder. But I absolutely refuse to believe Surabhai knows anything about it. If Roy wants Surabhai behind bars for some reason—and I

Continued on page 26



Pork pies suffered during their travels—until Nicholls (right) devised this method. For three hours before its journey, the van is chilled with cold air



In a cold store he designed, Alan Nicholls examines a Bedford housewife's "larder." Food keeps for months at below freezing

Alan Nicholls sells frost

by CHARLES WAUGH

By keeping the thermometer low, he persuades bulbs to flower in December, and gives housewives summer food all the year round

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FIRM has been making and selling pork pies for 140 years, but last year the directors encountered a problem that decided them to look for help. The man consulted was a young refrigeration engineer, Alan Nicholls, of Bedford.

"We send three tons of pork pies to London in a van every night," the manufacturer explained. "If they are too warm, the jelly runs out. If they are too cold, moisture condenses on them and ruins their appearance. Can you solve the problem without adding weight to the vehicle or using any of its space?"

After a few minutes' thought, Nicholls produced the answer. Instead of installing a refrigerator, which would have added weight and occupied space, he designed a cooling system connected to the vehicle by twelve-inch ducts. For three hours before the loaded van starts its journey, cold air is pumped in and

warm air taken out. By calculating the amount of warm air that will seep in during the sixty-mile trip, Nicholls has made sure that the pies arrive in perfect condition.

Alan Stuart Nicholls, a bearded young man of thirty-two, belongs to one of Britain's most rapidly expanding industries. British refrigerating and air-conditioning equipment is today cooling harems for Middle East potentates, preserving food in ships, and aiding scientific and medical research. One of Britain's best customers is France, where surgeons now use refrigeration in conjunction with drugs to produce artificial hibernation in patients suffering from shock.

Within Britain, industrial as well as domestic demand for refrigeration is increasing. Not long ago, Nicholls was approached by an envelope manufacturer whose production was being

limited by absenteeism. The cause was traced to the smell made by liquid glue, which affected the girls who applied it to the envelope flaps.

Watching the process, Nicholls noted that the glue pots were on the floor and that the smell had to rise before it affected the workers. His solution was to allow cold air to fall gently over the fumes to prevent them from rising.

The same principle—that cold air falls while warm air rises—was employed to an almost opposite end in a system Nicholls installed for the Mirabelle, a fashionable London restaurant. In this case the problem was to provide enough warm air to enable patrons to eat outdoors in comfort. The restaurant has a Spanish garden, but because of bad weather it had been possible to dine outside for only two months of the year.

Alan Nicholls's brother Frank, a consulting engineer, designed a system whereby fans draw air past a bank of electric heaters and direct it under the tables in the garden. Enough heat can be supplied to keep the diners comfortable, even when the outside temperature is down to forty degrees. Nicholls estimates that this will permit the garden to be used three times as much as formerly.

Nicholls, who was born in the Welsh seaside town of Prestatyn, was an apprentice motor engineer before he joined the army in 1939. While serving in Iraq he fell ill and, to arouse his interest during convalescence, the medical officer let him tinker with a broken refrigeration plant. It was a German machine, but he got it working and began to study the uses to which cooling systems can be put. As soon as he was discharged, Nicholls got a job as a service engineer for a London refrigeration company.

One of his first jobs almost became his last. He was sent to the grill room of a famous hotel to restart the air-conditioning system, and discovered the coils thick with dirt through war-time disuse.

"The hotel lent us a large vacuum cleaner," he recalls, "and as the tables had just been set for lunch, we took the cleaner into the street

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

to suck out the dirt that way. Standing on a narrow window-ledge, I reached above my head with the nozzle and signalled my assistant to switch on. There was a faint humming noise and, without being able to see what I was doing, I played the nozzle to and fro across the dirt-laden pipes.

"Suddenly there was a frantic tapping on the window, accompanied by muffled cries. A black face glared at me. It was the head waiter. The gleaming tables were coated with a thick layer of black dirt, and great clouds of soot billowed about the room. The end of the vacuum cleaner had been connected to where the machine blew instead of where it sucked."

Two years ago, Nicholls formed his own company, specializing in unusual applications of refrigeration equipment. This often involves him in considerable research before he begins to design an installation.

"First, you must know the customer's exact needs. Recently, the owner of a large cold store, where all chambers are kept at eighteen degrees, asked the price of refrigerating machinery to keep one room at forty-five degrees. I told him £700—but I added that if he wanted to do the job himself it would cost him only fifteen shillings. All that he needed to do was to plug some holes in the cold air pipes that were keeping one room at eighteen degrees. When he plugged enough holes, the temperature soon rose to forty-five."

Many Calls For Advice

In the course of a day Nicholls receives inquiries on how to convert cupboards into refrigerators, what temperature is best for the storage of mushrooms, or how to cool a plastic that is being made into egg cups.

One of his current experiments is to decide whether, instead of heating rivets until they are red-hot, it might not be better to freeze them.

The conventional practice is to heat a rivet so that it can be hammered into place. Heating distorts metal, but freezing does not. Nicholls has been asked to find a practical method of cooling rivets until they shrink enough to fit the hole. The theory is that when the rivet returns to normal temperature it will make a tight fit.

Refrigeration is also widely used in the bulb industry to speed natural processes and obtain spring flowers at Christmas. Refrigeration engineers have discovered that two months' deep "sleep" is equivalent to the interrupted rest the bulb obtains if it is left in the ground all the winter.

Bulbs left in the ground do not get proper rest because of temperature variations. An early warm spell may start them growing—until the growth is curtailed by a cold snap. If they are kept at an even forty-eight degrees in

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

WHEN Mrs. Balham petitioned for a divorce, she had been married for about ten years, and had a daughter aged eight. Mr. Balham owned the house they lived in, but had been spending a lot of time away during the year before the petition.

Mrs. Balham's complaint was that she had often been ill-treated by her husband; she was terrified of him, she said, especially since she asked for a divorce.

Her case was not due to be heard for three months, so she asked the court for an injunction to bar her husband from coming to the house until the hearing.

"My daughter and I have no other home to go to," she explained, "although we could find accommodation at a pinch. And I'm afraid that my husband will use violence if he comes back. He may even throw me out, or threaten to do so, to make me abandon the case."

She added that throughout her



married life she had lived in this house, which her husband had bought when they married.

Balham was indignant at the idea of such an injunction, and denied that it could be granted. "I want a reconciliation," he said. "The house is mine, and nobody else has legal rights of ownership. I'm returning to live there. My wife is welcome to stay with me."

Justice as well as his legal power was involved, he insisted, and he asked the court to grant

him an order restraining Mrs. Balham from interfering with his use of his house. He repeated that she could stay—he simply wanted to use his own premises.

Although Mrs. Balham's complaints about cruelty had not yet been considered by a court, she reaffirmed her fears of her husband. There were times, she said, when a husband's strict rights should be subordinated to his wife's need.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 26.

a dry storehouse, the bulbs can be taken out in October or November, given an artificial spring in a greenhouse, and will flower by December.

In his own home at Pavenham, Bedfordshire, Nicholls keeps a few bulbs in the domestic refrigerator during the autumn with the temperature control set at forty-eight degrees.

Mrs. Nicholls does not complain of this invasion of her refrigerator, for the family also has storage space in a Bedford locker plant. This building is kept at an even zero temperature, and Nicholls rents a three-cubic-foot locker to store soft fruit, vegetables, chickens and pork. In mid-winter they can enjoy a dinner of chicken, new

potatoes, kidney beans and raspberries, all grown at home and stored in the locker plant.

For the R.A.F. at Cardington, Nicholls designed and installed a two hundred cubic-foot quick-freeze plant. The messing officer buys fruit and vegetables when prices are low, quick-freezes them and serves them during the year.

On service trips, Nicholls carries a respirator to wear when making repairs to gas-filled fruit storage chambers. A second engineer is also present in case carbon dioxide should overcome him.

Nicholls also insists on a companion when he is called to a mortuary. Once he had to install a new refrigeration

plant in a London hospital where the mortuary and dissecting room was located away from the main building. The job was even more eerie because the work had to be done at night.

"One evening, after the staff had gone home," Nicholls says, "I was standing on one of the body racks inside the refrigerator. I asked my assistant for a spanner and put my hand down to get it. Nothing happened, so I called more loudly. Still no reply came. Climbing down, I discovered that I was alone."

"When I found my assistant in the canteen, I explained firmly that on this job, wherever one of us went, the other always went, too." THE END

THE WIFE WHO WALKED OUT

Continued from page 11

the wrong frame of mind. In case you'd forgotten, I'm going up to town first thing for that dentist's appointment and a hairdo in the afternoon, and I do want to see the Coward play in the evening with Kitty, who thinks she can get seats. So I may be too late for the train which connects with the last bus out, but I'm taking my things in case, and Kitty will put me up. But I hope to be home on the late bus."

He paused incredulously. Hardly a word about last night. It had been to her just an evil dream—gone with the morning. She hadn't left him after all. But there was more on the back:

"Tell Phoebe to give you some of the cold lamb for lunch and get a lettuce and there are tomatoes in the brown bag in the larder. Cheese afterwards. Your supper's in the little green casserole dish in the larder. Put in bottom oven half an hour before. Veggies are in with it and there's a jam tart for after. If by any chance I'm not on the late bus, but I'll try, expect me elevenish tomorrow. And look after yourself while I'm away. Oh, and

will you bundle and tie up the large rug in the hall—the cleaners are coming for it first thing tomorrow. All my love. Phyl."

He sat holding the paper, his mind a whirl of emotions: anger at his own stupidity for not reading the note at first, relief at the dispersal of all his problems and worries; and, slowly driving out all else, gratitude to his wife for her calm inability to let any quarrel, however serious at the time, rankle in her mind.

All at once it was as if nothing had happened. Except—he started quickly—that there were instructions in that letter. He looked at his watch. Half an hour only before the bus was due!

RAPIDLY, he scanned the note again. Lunch? Luck was with him there: he had given Phoebe the right order. He now understood her surprise when he'd said Phyllis was away for a few days. She'd only been told for one day. . . . Tomatoes? He went quickly to the larder, found the brown bag and ate two right away. Next, supper? There was the green casserole. No time to warm it up, and anyway he felt too full from his recent meal. Carefully he dipped a knife and fork into the gravy and slopped some of it

on to his supper plate. Then he tipped the contents of the green dish into the stove and put all in the sink. Referring again to the note, he cut a slice of tart and ate it as he hurried down to the bus.

Phyllis was on it. "You shouldn't have bothered to meet me, darling," was all she said as he took her case.

They walked back up the dark lane together. On the way he remembered that the fire wasn't lit, and he said: "I—I had a little trouble getting the fire to go. I was just re-laying it when it was time to meet you." Having thus covered himself, he went on quickly: "Was the play good?"

"I never saw it," she said, slowly. "That's why I was able to catch the bus. Kitty couldn't get seats. It was only a remote chance."

He was full of relief and happiness. Even when they got home and she said: "Oh, Patrick! You never rolled up that rug. You are unreliable!" he only said cheerfully: "Sorry! I'll do it now."

Straight away he went down on his hands and knees to deal with the rug. Then, remembering that however he set about it she'd be sure to criticize and want it done differently, he looked up at her and asked guardedly: "How would you like it done?"

"Darling, do use your common

sense," she said. "Start at the—"

Then, to his astonishment, she broke off and burst into tears.

He jumped hastily to his feet and took her in his arms. "Phyl, dearest," he said, "what is it?"

HE held her close to him, stroking her hair and trying to comfort her, until after a while she regained control of herself.

"Oh, Patrick," she said, "it's been such a beastly day."

He said, "It's been hell." "And it was all my fault. It always is, because I will try to manage you so. I don't know what's the matter with me. All day I've been telling myself I'd never do it again, then I start the moment I get home!"

He kissed her, and said: "I shouldn't worry about it. It's not all that important. That's something I've learned today, if nothing else." And then, because he thought she was going to cry again, he said: "Come on, now—how about this rug? How's it to be done?"

She smiled up at him shakily. "Oh—any old way," she said. "What does it matter?"

He said: "Why don't we do it together? Wouldn't that be the best way of all?" THE END

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BHOWANI JUNCTION

Continued from page 22

can think of several—let's put some-one else in instead. The Sirdarni-sahiba."

Lanson had argued, but the Collector was firm. So the Sirdarni-sahiba was jailed. Surabhai had protested. Ranjit had protested. Even the Moslem League had protested, but the Collector wouldn't budge.

I went with Ranjit to the Sikh gurdwara, and bowed before the holy book. In this bare square place, the book, the Guru Granth Sahib, rested on white cloth below a canopy. The guru stood behind it, gently waving a fly-flicker back and forth over it.

Ranjit straightened his back, his hands folded, his head bent. He murmured, "Wahiguruji ka Khalsa, wahiguruji ki Fatteh!" I murmured the phrase in my turn. I was anxious and uneasy. I stood on the threshold of a new life. It felt more like the edge of a cliff.

There were about twenty men and women there. The five Loved Ones who would perform the baptism stood a little in front of the others. Kartar Singh, the labour leader, was one of the Loved Ones, and his wife another. There was an iron pot on a pedestal close in front of me. Ranjit stood at my right hand.

The guru stood before the holy Guru Granth Sahib, bowed, and opened the book at random. He said a short prayer in a firm voice and then read a passage where he had opened the book. The people stood with folded hands. There were no seats or benches.

Had Pater stopped crying yet?

I was afraid; nobody really wanted me to be there, except Ranjit, and the solemnity weighed me down.

Ranjit left my side, and I began to follow him; but Kartar Singh's wife motioned me to stay where I was. Ranjit went and stood meekly before the senior Loved One. The old man had a long white beard, and the muscles of his neck couldn't support his heavy head, he was so old. Ranjit said in a firm low voice, "I have broken the Raht. I beg forgiveness. I beg to be received back into the true faith."

The old man nodded his head slowly. He said, "Your fault has been great. For many years you have stayed outside our communion, the only true communion. But there is forgiveness and love in the Guru Panth."

"Sat Sri Akhal!" all the congregation shouted with one voice, and I started nervously.

He said, "But you were led astray by one who should know better, one from whom you had the right to expect wisdom and sound advice. Therefore your punishment shall be light." (Sat Sri Akhal!) "Take this cloth and this water. Go on your knees and wash the feet of each true Sikh in this room. And remember, my son, that this punishment is but a touch from the guiding hand of those who love you, in God. Hold no bitterness in your heart."

RANJIT stepped back, knelt, and began to wash the feet of a Sikh coolie near him. The old man cried: "Let us all beg forgiveness for our sins, in our hearts, even as this our brother has begged forgiveness."

"Sat Sri Akhal!"

Ranjit did not wipe my feet. I was not yet a Sikh. He passed by behind me, moving slowly on his knees. I heard a low sound and knew he was sobbing gently as he did his penance. He came back to my side, and I turned to look at him. He was proud and exalted.

The old man stepped closer to us and looked us in the eye, first Ranjit, then me. He began to speak a litany in a quavering voice that strengthened as he went on, and we made the responses.

"... do you hear? Will you obey?"

Ranjit raised his head and shouted, "Wahiguruji ka Khalsa, wahiguruji ki Fatteh!"—glory to the Khalsa, which is ever victorious! The congregation shouted it after him.

For a second I thought I would not

be able to get out the words. They stumbled together in my throat, but the second time I managed to say them, softly and clearly: "Wahiguruji ka Khalsa, wahiguruji ki Fatteh!"

Then came the rites of the iron pot with water, the sugar, the dagger. It went on and on. The words were beating me down like big, steady hammers.

Suddenly it was over. We made cups of our hands, the right above the left. In turn each Loved One poured the amrit, a kind of nectar, into our hands. Five times we drank. Five times the amrit was touched to our eyes and hair. Five times we cried: "Wahiguruji ka Khalsa, wahiguruji ki Fatteh!" Everything that was left in the pot we drank, sipping in turn.

The old man stepped aside, the perspiration pouring down his face. The guru opened the holy book and looked at the top left-hand corner. He cried: "The first letter of the first word is K—a good omen! What name shall we give this our new sister?"

Someone behind me said, "Kunthi."

Kartar Singh's wife said, "Karnali!"

But my name was Victoria. Victoria Jones. I was a cheechee engine-driver's daughter. My name was Victoria.

I STUMBLED to my feet and ran out of the gurdwara. If Ranjit came after me I might even now stop and go back with him and submit. But it was terribly important that I should not go back of my own accord. He must break away from them for my sake, and run after me, whatever the congregation thought, whatever the Loved Ones said.

It was awful of me to run away—and leave him. But he didn't need me, however much he loved me—and I thought he did love me, in his fashion. He didn't need me; he did need the Guru Panth.

I slowed a little and looked over my shoulder. The people in the street were staring at me, but Ranjit was not coming. None of the Sikhs had left the gurdwara.

I saw the station in front of me. 98 Up was due in any minute now—the train Pater would take from Bhowani on to Gondwara.

I broke into a run, through the yard and on to the platform. I was breathing in great gulps, my sari billowing about me. 98 Up came snaking in under the high tower of the North Box and ground to a stop.

Pater came out of the stationmaster's office, his red bandanna on his head and the tin box with food and a vacuum flask in his hand. I ran to him and threw my arms round his neck.

Pater put down the box and patted my shoulder awkwardly. He said sadly, "You are still glad to see me? That is good, anyhow. What is your name now?"

I wiped the tears from my eyes with the back of my hand, and answered, "Victoria Jones. Oh, Pater, I was frightened."

Pater's eyes grew and grew and became blurred and watery. He put out both hands, caught mine, and pressed them, but could not speak.

I said, "Pater, I must get away from here. I'll go and stay with the Roviras in Gondwara for a few days. Let me come with you. In the cab."

He said, "In the cab, girl? Oh, I wish you could, but I would lose my job. This is 98 Up, man, not a night slow goods on the branch!"

I knew it was useless to argue, although at that moment I wanted

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 24, the judge ruled that a wife has the right to live in the matrimonial home unless the court orders otherwise. The law, he said, can protect that right, and ensure that pressure is not put upon her to abandon divorce proceedings—even if the husband owns the property. Mrs. Balham stayed put, and her husband was prevented from living in his house until the divorce case was heard. (This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)



nothing in the world as much as I wanted to be on the engine with Pater, rushing noisily away from Bhowani and the Sikhs and the new name beginning with K, which had bright new iron chains hanging from it.

Savage came up to us. He said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Jones. I'm coming down to Gondwara on this train. I'm coming in the cab as far as Shahpur—military duty"—he winked—"a personal reconnaissance of the rail, from the engine driver's point of view."

"In the cab?" Pater said. "On military duty? My girl here has just been asking to come in the cab with me, and I had to say no. But if you order her, on military duty, no one can say no, eh?"

Savage said to me, "You're going to Gondwara? Consider yourself so ordered. And you didn't have time to change into uniform." He followed Pater and me up into the cab.

A pea-whistle shrilled down the platform. "All ready now?" Pater said.

He slapped the younger fireman on his bare brown shoulder. They both were burly fellows, Hindus, bare to the waist. Each wore a filthy white turban. Mothi was about thirty-five, Tamoo about twenty-five.

Mothi opened the firebox door. The furnace was a roaring bed of violet flames. Tamoo shovelled in coal.

Pater tugged the whistle cord again and opened the regulator, which is a long lever. *Whoof!* The platform began to slide back. The safety valve shut down with a click as the steam went into the cylinders. *Whoof!* I saw the stationmaster writing in a notebook; *whoof*—a man could still walk beside the train; *whoof*—he'd have to run; *whoof*—run fast; *whoof*, *whoof*, *whoof*, *whoof*!

Pater twirled a small wheel and the exhaust settled down to a steady tramp, two beats a second — *whoof-whoof-whoof-whoof-whoof*.

THE SUN had put out all the green and red eyes, so that the signals were like a page of semaphore for us to read, their drunken arms giving us the message. It was a book I had learned to read without being taught, the way I had learned English and Hindustani. I muttered the messages of the signals to myself, hugging myself with pleasure to be here, and not there in the gurdwara.

Pater opened the regulator a little wider and spun the small wheel. The engine changed from a tramp to a hurried, less forceful breathing. My own breathing eased with the engine's. I felt that my nerves and muscles were slowly relaxing and settling back into old, well-worn places, and it was the

jerk and heave of the footplate under my feet that was doing it.

We passed Minoli, Babrotha, Bijai. The sun beat down on the cab roof, and my head began to ache.

Khajaura, and Pater turned his little wheel, and the beat shortened and quickened as the train flung down the bank to the Karode bridge. All the time the engine hunted like a dog, swinging its nose from side to side as it rushed forward.

MOTHI opened the firebox door. I shielded my eyes with my hand. The engine had taken me away from the five Loved Ones, but now it was beginning to punish me. The hollow thunder and the ceaseless pound and heave began to pull me apart. My mouth dropped open. My head throbbed. We ran shrieking through Pipalkhera, and into the reeling plain. Lidhganj.

I looked ahead. The line ran straight, like an arrow, racing forward from under the boiler down the centre of the right of way. Now low jungle lay grey in the heat on either side. Pater passed round the tea. We emptied the flask, and Mothi made more. Colonel Savage lit a cheroot.

Taklina.

The line tilted more steeply up, winding to the left, round to the right, round to the left. Mothi opened the firebox door, and I covered my eyes.

Savage was shouting something across to me. Unwillingly I opened my eyes to the searing-white, heaving furnace. Savage shouted, "I said it would be worth being derailed for this."

We ran through Mayni. A goods train standing on the passing line made a long clattering blur as we hurried by. Now we had two lines—one up, one down—all the way through Mayni Tunnel and into Shahpur. Pater pointed forward with the stem of his pipe. "Mayni Tunnel. One and a half miles, and climbing all the way. It will be hot."

Savage stood up and stretched unsteadily. He said, "Hot? What do you call it now? It must be a hundred and thirty in this cab." Pater chuckled and nodded.

The sides of the Mayni cutting climbed higher, became more red, more rocky. Pater held down the whistle cord for a long five-second blast. The mouth of the Mayni Tunnel gaped wide and black and suddenly swallowed us. At once it was dark, and our world and our train vanished in the shouting of the exhaust, though I knew the headlight was on. But I could not breathe. I could not breathe. The air was too hot to breathe.

The firebox door clanged. The

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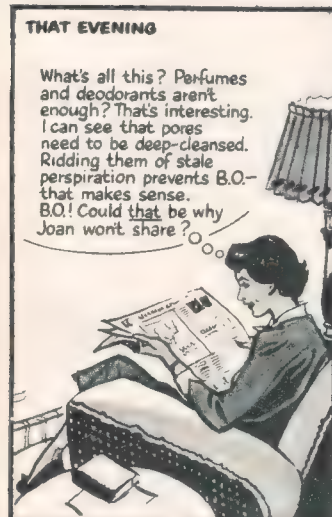


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WHEN A GIRL LIVES ALONE

IT'S WONDERFUL AT FIRST:
A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN. BUT
IT CAN BE LONELY, TOO...SO
ONE DAY AT THE OFFICE...



air hurt my nostrils, bored into my eyes, burned in the back of my throat. I opened my mouth wide. Suffocating, I jumped to my feet. Savage's blue eyes hung in front of me; his face was dead white in the fierce glare, and his mouth was open. His hand fell on my arm, his fingers dug into the flesh above my elbow.

We climbed up through the yelling darkness. As a test, I made myself pick out, from all the clanging and grinding and shrieking of steel, the slow *whoof, whoof, whoof* of the blast. Each beat threw a pattern of light on to the roof of the tunnel.

The boiler burst out into daylight, and the air was ice cold. I stood trembling, letting it play over me. I was soaked in perspiration, and the clammy sari was clinging to my body. Savage went slowly back to his own side. We were coming into Shahpur.

The train was halted in Shahpur Station. I turned my head slowly because my neck hurt. I heard the bustle and murmur of people, sounds which grew louder as my mind focused on them. There were other people in the world then, and there was Pater standing on the platform beside the engine, a long-nosed oilcan in his hand. Colonel Savage had gone.

I climbed carefully down to the platform. The engine had beaten me all over my body with rubber and steel rods. I went to my father and asked, "Where is Colonel Savage?" I ought to ask Savage for leave.

Pater looked up, a drip from the oilcan falling on his trousers. He said, "Didn't you see? You must have been in a daze, girl. He went back to his compartment." He looked at me with concern. "Are you all right, girl? You have got a place?"

I said, "Yes. Thanks for letting me come with you. It was wonderful."

I walked down the platform, threading slowly through the crowd. Dogs, searched under the train for scraps. I had not had time to reserve a place in the train, and I wondered why I had told Pater otherwise. I walked down the train, looking in at all the windows. All the second-class compartments were full of prosperous Indians or British warrant officers.

ABSOLUTE exhaustion hung very close over me. I had to sit down soon, or I would fall down. I started to walk back up the train. A voice said close to my ear, "Did you run away in such a hurry that you forgot to book a place?"

Colonel Savage was sitting in a cane chair by the open window of a first-class coupé. He had taken off his boots and socks and opened his bush shirt. A book lay open in his lap. His face was clean and newly washed.

I said shortly, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Come in here."

I shifted my weight from one foot to the other. "I can't do that, sir."

"Don't be a fool," he said. "Come in. You can hardly stand."

My palms were slippery wet. I wanted just to stand there and cry. Mr. Glover, the conductor's, pea-whistle blew peremptorily from somewhere miles away. The hubbub on the platform rose to a continuous, unfrightened shriek.

Savage put down his book, came to the door, opened it, and stepped down. He took my arm and helped me up into the compartment and pulled the door shut behind him. The engine whistle blew. Mr. Glover's whistle

blew. I stood in the narrow space between the lower berth and the wall, looking down at my clothes. Why had I ever put them on? How long ago had they given me sugar and water to drink, and the two-bladed dagger?

The platform noise rose sharply, and the train jerked and began to move. I sat down suddenly, my knees turned to milk, and the world disappeared.

I heard the tinkle of running water, and Savage came out of the tiny bathroom. He stood over me, holding with one hand to the edge of the upturned upper berth, swaying to the lilt of the train as it picked up speed. He said, "Get in there and have a shower now. I've left all my things. The towel's a bit wet. Here."

He gave me his hand, pulled me up, and pushed me into the bathroom. I locked the door carefully, testing it twice.

WHEN I came out of the bathroom I felt clean except for the stiffness in the sari. Being clean changed the sort of tiredness I had. Before, I'd had a nervous headache, a kind of restless exhaustion. Now my legs and eyelids were heavy and my body was calm and my mind turning over very slowly. I sat down carefully on the lower berth.

Savage said, "You still look as if you'd been under a steamroller—but you're clean, anyway." He put down his book, got up and poured a lot of whisky into each of two tumblers. Then he topped them up with soda water and handed me a glass.

He took his own glass, slumped back in the chair at the bottom of the berth, and put his bare feet up on the wall opposite. He said, "When are you going to stop playing hare and hounds with your WAC(I) commission?"

I drank, and answered automatically, "I don't know what you mean, sir."

He said, "For Pete's sake stop calling me 'sir' for a few minutes and answer a question honestly. I suppose I can't call you a traitor to your king and country, because you'll flourish your beautiful new sari at me and say that George is not your king and this is not his country."

It was a strong whisky he'd given me. I didn't have the energy to argue. I looked at my empty glass and he refilled it. I began to say, I haven't been a traitor, but it seemed a waste of time. The dust whirled away in a long plume, light against the twilight, past the green-tinted windows. I saw with surprise that the electric lights were on.

I said, "I didn't know what to do. I wanted to be an Indian. Everything went wrong."

"Murder is wrong," he said.

He said it quite gently. I said, "It wasn't murder, it—"

He interrupted me. "Someone killed them, those lads in the smash at Pathoda. You saw some of them die, didn't you? That's why I made you go up there with me."

My heart was bumping and the glass slowly shaking in my hand.

He said, "I know you are lying about K. P. Roy. I've always known."

I sighed, put down the glass, and slowly wrung my fingers together. Now was the time for me to get free, while the wheels beat *clickety-clack, clickety-clack*, and the dust hung in a pale motionless blur on the darkness, and the electric lights shone reflected in the windows. When I had spoken

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"What's the point? We're not getting away from it all—we're taking it with us!"

I would have no place to go at all—in the cantonments, or the city, or the Railway Lines.

I gathered myself and said, "But I killed Lieutenant Macaulay."

Savage carefully put down his glass and said, "Tell me."

I said dreamily, "I killed him in the yards. He tried to make love to me." Savage's face was cold then, and his eyes brilliant. He seemed short of breath. "But you'd led him on."

I knotted up inside, and my skin began to shiver of its own accord. I said, "I didn't!"

He said, "I saw you. The day the battalion arrived you fell into his arms."

I jumped up and stood over him where he sat tensely in the chair. I screamed down at him. "He pulled me and I fell, but I didn't want to get him into trouble with you, that first time. That is what happened! Then in the Traffic Office it was worse. Ranjit saved me, and I wanted to complain. Patrick complained for me, but you pretended you thought it was Ranjit he was complaining about! You knew all the time who it was. You thought I ought to do what he wanted because I am only a cheechee. I killed Macaulay with that fishplate! I found it under my hand when he threw me down!"

I shouted out the whole story. I told him about Ranjit and Ghanshyam. I told him how my fear and shame had changed to pride when the Sirdarni talked to me. I got it all out.

Then I fell back on the berth, picked up my whisky, and drank it.

When Savage spoke again his voice was quite different. It became conversational, but the kind of conversation people make when a bigger thing is in their minds and they are bottling it up until it is ready.

"Govindaswami was sure you'd done it," he said. "I knew you'd done it. Another of our yard sentries saw you crossing the railway and skulking along Limit Road when you were supposed to be in the Institute."

Munching a sandwich, I asked why the Collector didn't have me arrested.

Savage told me: "Because he thought I'd find out, sooner or later, that K. P. Roy and the Sirdarni weren't the best friends. We wanted to let things take their course."

Savage found a tin of cigarettes in his parachute bag and gave me one. I saw him in clear focus, but a little larger than life. The narrow little compartment magnified him, and I could also see his face reflected in the glass of the window. An electric light bulb glittered above his head.

I said: "It was awful, trying to be an Indian. No one understood me. Pater and Patrick don't understand what is going to happen. Ranjit doesn't understand what is happening. You don't understand what has happened. But I found I couldn't change myself."

He said, "I know." I said thickly, "You knew? You've been so beastly to me." If I spoke

clearly and was honest with him, he would see what it was really like. Then he would be able to help me. He was strong enough. I said, "May I have another drink, sir?"

I smiled at him to tell him I didn't really mean the "sir." He said, "You've had a lot already. Are you sure you want another?"

I said, "Yes, please. And another cigarette."

I sank back on the berth, and lit a cigarette and blew out the smoke in a long thin stream.

He said, "Do you think I've never been afraid?"

I CLOSED my eyes. It was wonderful. I'd told him, and now I didn't have to worry any more. He'd tell me what to do. It was not hot, but just lovely and warm in the carriage. There was a warm, almost forgotten thing, like a thin silk blanket wrapped round me. Slowly I recognized it. It was security, it was protection, it was happiness. It was Rodney Savage!

He was moving slowly in the compartment. I heard his chair creak, then his bare feet on the floor. He knew, a fraction of a second before I did.

His lips came slowly down on mine, and his fingers slid slowly back in my hair. The train rocked, and a million miles away the whistle shrilled.

The train ran through a station. Lights flashed in at the windows, each light a blinking, vanishing thought on the surface of a deep waiting. The station flung back under a last long stammering of the wheels across a score of sets of points. I opened my eyes and put my arms round his neck.

"Why have you been so horrible to me?" I asked him.

He leaned back and looked at me. He said: "I believe in ordeal by fire—that night at the Institute when they wouldn't dance with you, for instance. Other times, I wanted to see what you were made of. Perhaps I felt too serious about you. I did think you were angling for Macaulay though, at first. I couldn't stand it. Then I knew that it had to be you. . . ."

He hummed the tune: "It had to be you, it had to be you. . . ."

I had been light-headed. But that had all gone. I didn't remember ever feeling better, ever in my life being so warmly wrapped up in certainty. I swayed against him as the train swayed, and he kissed me again, and for a moment I was worried through the warmth and security, and I said, "I don't want to fall in love with you."

He raised his head, frowned at me, and said, "Don't you? I rather hope I do fall in love with you. Perhaps I have. I'm not sure."

Perhaps I have, perhaps I have, perhaps I have . . . the words repeated in my head, merged with the drumming of the wheels, and suddenly, swiftly, the fatigue of the day claimed me. I was asleep.

NEXT WEEK: Rodney Savage takes up the story

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RAFFLES AND THE SATURDAY PILGRIM

Continued from page 17

believed that the way in which I spend my Saturdays was known only to myself. It is somewhat suggestive that, today of all days, I should come here as usual to Florian's, and find two old boys of the school—where I have never encountered any before. I can't help but wonder what taste it is they gratify by spying upon an old man?

He looked up at us suddenly; there was a steely glitter in his eyes.

"Spying, sir?" Raffles said. "I don't follow you."

"Do you not?" said old Motley. "Then let me tell you that, early this afternoon, as I was planting bulbs in that graveyard, I became aware that I was watched. There was a man crouching nearby in a thicket. When I approached he slipped away. But he left something behind—caught on a briar. This," said old Motley and, taking something from his pocket, he clapped his hand down flat on the table. It was a rain-damp tassel, pied black-and-white in wool, from a school scarf. He was glaring at us in a shaking rage.

Raffles called instantly, "Richmond!" The waiter came. "Bring the scarves we left with you, please. No, no, not the coats—just the scarves."

Old Motley sat erect, rigid. The waiter came back. Raffles motioned him to hand the scarves to old Motley, who pinched on his pince-nez, examined each end of each scarf in turn. No tassels were missing.

MOTLEY gave us a quick searching glance, laid down the scarves. "I beg your pardon," he said. He took up the loose tassel, rose abruptly.

His entire manner had changed. He had again his fussy, slightly testy air. He gave us each his quick, finicking handshake. "So nice to have seen you," he said. "Delightful, quite delightful. . . ."

As the door closed behind him I looked at Raffles. "What in the world do you make of that?"

Raffles took a Sullivan thoughtfully from his cigarette-case. He shook his head. I never had seen him so serious.

The following evening, I called upon Raffles at his Albany flat. We were going to the club. I found him still very grave.

"I've been out to Kew today, Bunny," he said. "I may tell you I found the churchyard where the Motley family rest. I also had a look at the briar thicket, and our old Motley's right—there's been someone crouching in there. There are footprints—broken twigs. I don't like it, Bunny. I have a feeling that Mr. Eustace Motley has an enemy of a rather ugly kind."

He put on his hat.

"The question is," he said, when our hansom was jingling down to Pall Mall, "what can that old eccentric have done to make himself a real enemy?"

As we entered the club, the secretary saw us, and came quickly across the hall. He had himself been at the school, though before our time.

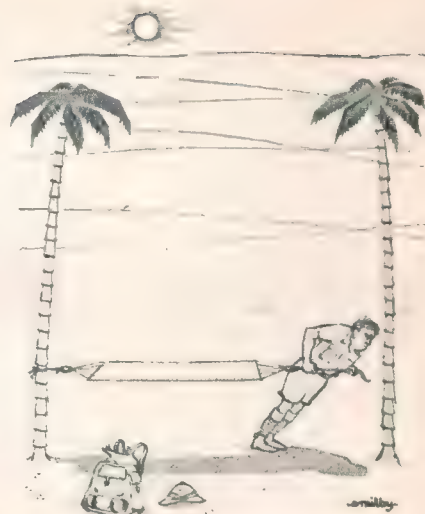
"Was there a Gerald Tarran at school when you fellows were there?" he asked. "We've had a Scotland Yard man here this evening, asking if Tarran were a member of this club."

Raffles took out his cigarette-case unhurriedly. "I remember the chap. Not a member here, though, is he?"

"No, and I told the Yard man so," said the secretary. "I asked him what it was all about. He told me Tarran's landlord had reported him missing, and that it had sounded a queer echo at the Yard. Among 'missing persons' reports during the past twelve years or so, the Yard had noted half a dozen or more cases of young men, men-about-town, pretty much wasters, who'd been borrowing money right and left shortly before their disappearance."

"What rattled me, though," the secretary went on, "was that the Yard man said they'd all been at our place—at school. Charming thing to hear, I must say!"

He went off. Raffles lighted a cigarette meditatively. "Let's go up



to the writing-room, Bunny," he said. And when he opened the door of that portentous mausoleum, he nodded in satisfaction. "Not a soul in here. Good. Down you sit, Bunny. I want you to write a letter. Pen, paper—here we are. Now, then—ready? 'Dear Mr. Motley—'"

I looked up at him in astonishment. "Go ahead," he said. Sitting on the edge of the writing-table, he puffed a thoughtful smoke-ring towards the crystals of the chandelier.

"'Dear Mr. Motley,'"—I began to write resignedly—"I take the liberty of asking if I may consult you on a personal matter. If you could spare me ten minutes to give me the benefit of your advice, I should be most grateful. Yours, etc., etc.," and sign it with your name, Bunny."

He took it and read it over.

"Capital," he said. "Obvious preliminary to a touch. Now, let's see." He took his gold half-hunter from his white waistcoat. "We've missed tonight's post. You ought to get a reply by Wednesday, Bunny."

He was a day out. It came on Thursday. It was in an angular handwriting, full of Greek e's and emphatic punctuation, familiar to me from the margin of many an exam paper:

"My dear Manders: I have received your note. Perhaps you would care to take a glass of wine with me at my house on Friday evening at ten? We shall be quite alone!!!! Yrs., E.H.M."

I took the letter round to Raffles, at the Albany. "Candidly," I said, "I don't altogether fancy this business. What's happened to Gerry Tarran? And just what am I to expect when I ask old Motley for a loan?"

"That," said Raffles, "is what we intend to find out. He's wrong in one thing—the two of you won't be quite alone. I shall have broken in, and shall be concealed somewhere in the house, when you ring old Motley's doorbell at ten tomorrow night."

I RANG the bell. It jangled rustily in the silent depths of the old house. I heard the rattle of bolts and chains, and there stood old Motley's thin, tall, erect figure, black-clad, in silhouette against the pallid gaslight of the hall.

"Ah, Manders," he said, giving me his fussy, testy handshake. "Come in, come in. The house is a little dusty, I fear. A female person comes in to clean, but she neglects her duties abominably. My young niece, when she visits me, spends all her time polishing and tut-tutting impatiently. Women, don't you know."

On a dusty hall table lay his bast fish-basket, spilling forth its trowel and handfork and some hirsute bulbs, also a porcelain bowl filled to overflowing with yellowed visiting-cards.

"Nowadays," said old Motley, as he opened the door of a room to the left, "I seldom receive, neither do I go out into society at all. My contact with life is through the school. Boys about one, Manders, keep one spiritually young. There is always good in boys. It's when they grow into young men and

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the disciplines of boyhood are cast off that their very eagerness for life betrays them into degenerate courses. How often, more's the pity, have I seen that happen! Port, Manders?"

"Thank you, sir."

At a glance, I knew that, wherever Raffles had concealed himself, it could not be in this room. There was no hiding-place. It was a drawing-room, of a delicate if dusty elegance, lighted by frosted gas-globes. The wallpaper was a faded green, the Chinese carpet was of an ivory colour and the closely drawn curtains were of faded velvet. There were several cabinets of exquisite china, and on the walls many water-colours, in gilt frames, of—surprisingly—sea-scapes and tall ships under full sail. Above the marble mantelpiece was a portrait, in an oval frame, of a fair, frail young woman with something touchingly gallant in her expression and in the gaze of her fine blue eyes.

"My sister, Ursula," said old Motley, following my glance. "She painted with spirit—always sea subjects, as you observe. As a young bride, she made with her husband an adventurous voyage to New Zealand. After the poor fellow's death, she returned to England with her child, but she lived in the past. That outward voyage remained the one great, happy experience of her life."

He was standing at a round rose-wood table in the centre of the room, pouring port from a cut-glass decanter. There was no fire in the grate. He still wore his chequered scarf. His forehead shone high and pale as, tossing an end of the scarf back over his shoulder, he held out a glass to me.

It was excellent port. We sipped it standing. I felt awkward, embarrassed. So, I thought, must Gerry Tarran have felt on Monday of the previous week. The house was icy cold, silent and strange about me. And I felt old Motley's eyes on me with a blue glitter.

"What do you want of me, Manders? Is it money?"

I could only nod. I had come here to play a rôle, but I felt as genuinely, abjectly, miserably abased as Gerry Tarran must have felt.

"How much?" said old Motley. "Two hundred? Three hundred? To 'tide you over? That is the glib term, I fancy?" He refilled my glass and handed it to me. You smoke, of course? You drink, far too often, intemperately? You are a familiar figure on the race-course? In the card-rooms of clubs? You haunt the music halls and promenades? You dance attendance on alluring but expensive ladies? Just so. Your expression is quite sufficient answer. And now you feel surprised—and injured, no doubt—to find that these diversions have brought you to a pecuniary impasse?"

I stared at the floor. My ears burned. "Look at you!" said old Motley. "You had an education which many a less fortunate boy would envy, but what have you done with it? However, I shall not turn you from the door. Draw a chair to the table and write me out a list of your debts."

I HAD no choice but to drink up my port and obey. Since I had squared everything out of the proceeds of our recent bank coup, I had to invent some debts. I started to tot up the sums I had written, but found a curious difficulty in concentrating.

Old Motley took my notebook from me impatiently and tore out the page. "This will do well enough," he said. "Your moneylenders and bookmakers I ignore, but your trusting tradespeople, at least, shall be reimbursed."

He handed back the notebook, and I thrust it into what I took to be my breast-pocket but which proved to be my armpit, for the book fell to the carpet. With a murmured apology, I rose to retrieve it, but gave an unaccountable lurch that knocked my chair flying. Embarrassed, I stopped to pick it up, and instead fell over it.

I sat on the floor, feeling most peculiar.

The gaslight shone with uncanny brilliance. The walls seemed to billow as though under water. The door, seeming far off, had opened, and a



"Phone, dear . . . it's the people downstairs"

young woman with fair hair, her blue eyes fixed on me, her lips a little parted, came slowly across the room to put a hand on old Motley's arm. She was the image of the girl in the portrait. My head swam. I goggled up. Old Motley seemed to tower over the girl at his side. His thin figure looked eight feet tall and was still elongating. His high forehead shone.

"Make ready, Anne," he said.

Then the back of my head struck the carpet, and I knew no more.

OUT of the black void of unknown duration, a star-speck of light came swimming. As it grew larger, I saw it had a slight elliptical motion. I focused on it with dazzled eyes, and the light gradually clarified itself as a twin-wick paraffin lamp suspended, swaying a little, from a teak ceiling.

My temples throbbed. I realized that my port must have been doctored. I made to put a hand to my head, but found both hands immovable in the small of my back. My wrists were bound.

Incredulously, I realized that I was lying in a bunk in a ship's cabin. Under the lamp, at a table covered with green baize on which were a bottle and glasses, sat a girl and two men.

The girl was the one who had witnessed my downfall in old Motley's house. A shawl of black lace, drawn up over her fair, almost flaxen hair, framed her faintly tanned, clean-cut face. The man beside her was short and barrel-chested, mahogany-faced, with wiry white hair. He wore a peajacket without insignia, and spoke between meditative puffs at a pipe.

"You ask me why we'd stop at nothing to oblige an old schoolmaster?" he said. "I'll tell ye, Captain Hurn. That old gentleman has given his life to the education of boys ye can only call fortunate—moneyed boys. Now, me—I'm Royal Navy retired, as ye know—I've given the past nearly twenty years to the education of boys ye can only call unfortunate, fatherless and penniless boys, boys of the streets. The training ship I command is privately financed, and some twelve years or so ago we came to a crisis. We had no more money."

He paused. "Well, that old schoolmaster saw in the newspapers our appeals for funds. Boys are boys to him, rich or poor. His sister had recently died, leaving a tidy fortune, half to him and half to her daughter, Miss Anne Gresham here. The old schoolmaster put every penny of his half into our ship. He saved us. And then Miss Anne put her money behind us, too. What's more, she went to work actively for us, finding out the boys that most needed what we can give them."

He chuckled. "Some rare young toughs she picks out, believe me. But what good we're able to do we owe most to the old schoolmaster and, as he would never have his name mentioned, we re-named the ship in honour of his sister, Miss Anne's mother—Training Ship Ursula."

I lay very still. The other man spoke. He was a big, raw-boned fellow with a square beard and a shock of hair.

"As an old friend, I'd like to help you, Commander Jackson—and

you, Miss Anne. I've already let you talk me into bringing this lubber in the bunk aboard my ship. But it's abduction, Commander. It's a good plain, 'Frisco-style shanghai-ing, right in the Pool of London. He could go to a consul—for I'll have to set him ashore some day—and make me enough trouble to cost me my ticket."

The commander puffed at his pipe. "Ye sail within twelve hours," he said. "Ye're bound round the Horn for San Francisco. Now, if your ship's the windjammer I take her for, and your first mate's the bucko I take him to be, ye'll make a man of this johnnie in the bunk before ever ye raise the Golden Gate. I may tell ye he's not the first ex-pupil who's gone to this old schoolmaster for a soft touch and woke up to find himself outward bound in a windjammer's fo'c'sle."

"It's been for their own sakes, Captain Hurn—always," the girl said.

"That's right," the commander said. "I've collected 'em from the old schoolmaster's house and I've arranged the shipping of 'em out for him. He's a regular old shepherd of black sheep. Miss Anne and me, we shipped one out just last week, name of Tarran; he'll be holystoning decks somewhere off the Azores by now. . . ."

"One or two of them," the girl said eagerly, "have found their way back to England ultimately and have gone to my uncle and thanked him personally. Others have made good lives for themselves abroad, and he treasures the letters they've written to him. Truly, Captain Hurn, not a single one of them has been so worthless as to go grizzling to a consulate or a policeman. Isn't that so, Commander?"

"True enough," said the commander. "Now, Captain, will ye take a hand with us in this job of salvaging human wreckage?"

"I will!" Captain Hurn said abruptly. "By heaven, I'll do it! Make him or break him, eh? You tell your uncle, miss, to leave it to me!" He got up and opened the cabin door. The girl said, "We're deeply grateful to you, Cap—"

She stopped suddenly.

"Ah, there," said A. J. Raffles.

HE stood on the deck outside, against the grey misty daylight now stealing over the river. He was without hat or overcoat, his tweeds impeccable, the pearl precise in his cravat. He bowed slightly to Anne Gresham, but it was Captain Hurn he addressed as he stepped into the cabin.

"I must apologize—especially to you, Miss Anne—for eavesdropping on your conversation. I'm entirely in sympathy with your motives, but I must deprive you of my friend in the bunk there. I need him for a serious purpose. Free him, please."

"Who are you?" the girl said sharply.

"Like my friend in the bunk there," Raffles said, "an ex-pupil of Mr. Motley's. We were looking for a friend we thought might be in danger. We know now that he is not. I'm sorry to tell you, Miss Anne, that the person in danger is your uncle himself—and there may not be much time."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"I'm talking about a tassel from a school scarf," Raffles said, "and about the fact that your uncle visits a lonely churchyard every Saturday—and today's Saturday."

I saw her draw in her breath, slowly, deeply. "Release the man, Commander," she said. She did not take her eyes from Raffles. "I'm coming with you," she said.

Light was strengthening over the grey old river as the dinghy which had brought Raffles to the ship now set the three of us ashore. Raffles had a brougham waiting, and I recognized the driver as a man whom we used on occasions when discretion was needed.

"I fancied I might have need of the brougham," Raffles explained to me, as the horse's hoofs rang sharply on the dockland cobbles. "So I had it waiting near Mr. Motley's house when I broke in last night through the area window. I was concealed in the house before you arrived, Bunny. I learned

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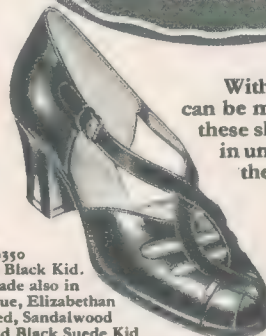
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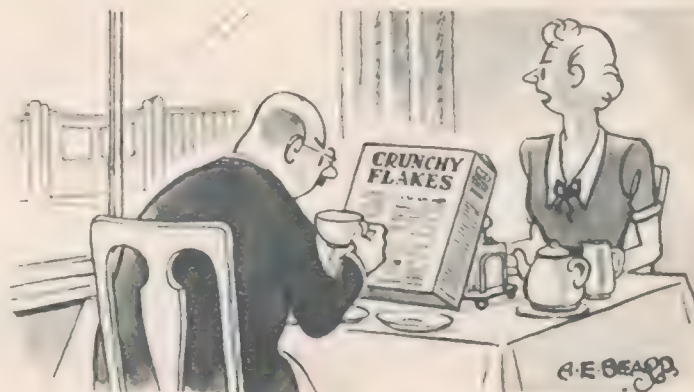
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"Paper's late this morning"

what they were going to do, but to get at the whole truth, I had to let it happen—it couldn't harm you—then see what followed. . . .

He glanced at his watch, called to the driver to hurry. I felt his anxiety. The girl sat silent.

It was past eight when the long drive across London brought our brougham, at last, to the Kensington square. Mr. Motley's house was to the right of the gardens. Raffles called to the driver to go very slowly down the left side.

From the window, his eyes searched the wet shrubs and trees. Suddenly he laid a hand on the arm of the girl beside him. "Just as I thought! See him, Anne? Among the trees over there—watching your uncle's house! See him, Bunny?"

I saw him—a motionless, unobtrusive figure in the gardens.

"Your uncle's enemy, Anne," Raffles said softly. "I suspect that he's here to kill. But not in this square. Too public. He's watching to make sure your uncle sets out for Kew today. Then our man'll follow him and—look, here he comes now!"

From the brougham window, I saw, across the gardens in the pale gold morning sunshine, that the door of Mr. Motley's house had opened. His tall, stiffly erect figure emerged. In one hand he held his umbrella and incongruous bast fish-basket. With the other he tossed the end of his long, chequered, woollen scarf back over his shoulder, then turned towards the main-road end of the square.

We by now were at the opposite end. Raffles leaned from the window, gave some instructions to the driver. The brougham, quickening slightly, rounded the end of the gardens, turned into the side where old Motley's house stood, then slowed again.

I peered ahead from the window on the gardens side. I could see old Motley standing on the corner, far ahead. I saw him raise his umbrella, and a hansom swung into the kerb. He mounted, the hansom passed from view. And instantly, from a gate in the railings of the gardens, a man stepped out.

Raffles drew back sharply from the window. "Sit tight, both of you!"

ANNE'S face was very pale, her blue eyes looked enormous, and dark. Our horse's hoofs broke into a trot, then pulled up, clopping, the harness jingling, and I heard the driver's voice. "Keb, sir?"

I met the eyes of Raffles and the girl. Outside the brougham, a voice said, "Yes. Chiswick Mall."

"Handy for Kew," Raffles breathed.

The door of the brougham was jerked open. The fare put a foot on the step. His head and shoulders were in the brougham before he saw us, recognized us. His young, hard, bitter face, with the rimless eyeglass glittering in his left eye, set in a grey rigour of shock.

"Mr. Henry Saulsby," Raffles said. "Recently returned, if I remember rightly, from three years' travelling abroad. And returned with a score to

settle. Step in and settle it with someone your own age, Henry!"

Instinct sent Saulsby's right hand in a flash to his side pocket, but Raffles struck. His short, swift, upward jab landed on the man's exposed jaw with a thud of a poleaxe. His strong cracksmen's hands gripped Saulsby by the lapels and heaved him in limply to the vacant seat beside me.

I jerked the door shut.

"Not wearing his school scarf today," Raffles said. "No rugger match to make an innocent appearance at, after spying on Mr. Motley."

He was searching Saulsby's pockets as he spoke. He sat back, flicking open a blued-steel revolver and spinning the drum so that the bullets in the chambers flashed brassily.

"Picked up on his travels," he said grimly. "If he'd had it in his pocket last Saturday, in that churchyard, he'd probably have used it then. Well, there he is, Miss Anne—the only one of your uncle's voyaging black sheep who hadn't the courage, the sportsmanship, or enough sense of humour about him to appreciate the old gentleman's motives, but who nursed resentment to the point of corroding hatred, and who finally found his way back with the sole intent of murdering the shepherd."

THE girl was looking at Saulsby with a kind of wondering horror, as at some creature wholly outside her experience. "You must see to it," Raffles said gently, "that your uncle discontinues his experiment, Anne. Sooner or later, in one way or another, it was bound to become dangerous. When he picked Saulsby to reform, he picked the wrong man. The only thing we can do with him now is turn him over to Commander Jackson to be shipped out with Captain Hurn as a consolation prize for the loss of Bunny here. If he finds his way back again, in a year or two, his quarrel will be with Bunny and me. We shall do our best to survive."

He took out his cigarette-case.

"I was much interested in what you and your uncle have done for the training ship run by Commander Jackson, Anne," he said. "Bunny and I came into a little money recently. . . . I think it would give us both pleasure to contribute a third share, and to undertake some regular contribution in the future, to the cause of the Ursula. As a token of our respectful admiration for our old master, Mr. Eustace Motley, M.A. What do you say, Bunny?"

I saw the girl's face light up, and there came to vivid life in my mind a picture of an old barquentine lying in the Thames, her gallant figurehead breasting the tide, the starling sound of many boys' voices rising from her decks, the cry of gulls about her lofty yards. Also, I hoped, I might see Miss Anne Gresham again.

"Done!" I said instantly.

The driver's face appeared, upside down, at the window of the brougham.

"Where now, sir?" he asked

"Straight to London Docks," said A. J. Raffles.

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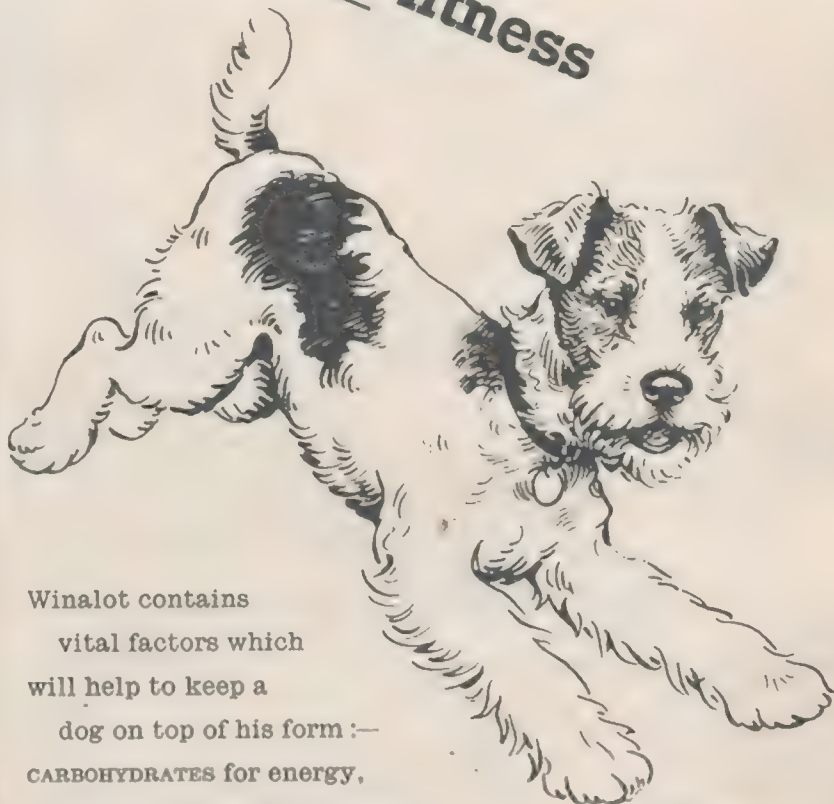


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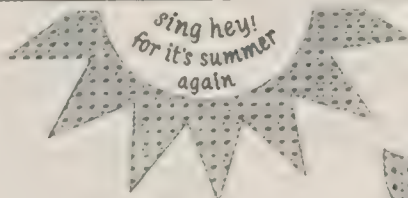
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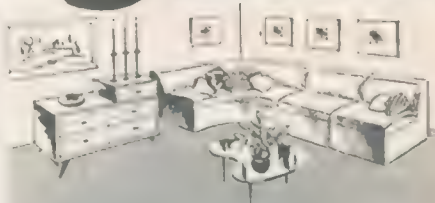
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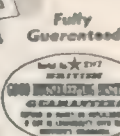
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REACH FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 15

Bader had his eyes everywhere, assessing, manoeuvring the wing, warning, detaching sections, reorganizing, picking the moment to lunge and start the roaring, whirling frenzy.

As the wing's offensive sweeps grew in pace, the Messerschmitts were ever more numerous and bolder, every day savaging the flanks. More and more often Bader broke the wing to go for them, and for frantic minutes the sky was full of snarling, twisting, spitting aeroplanes.

The Messerschmitts—quite rightly—never stayed long to mix it with the more manoeuvrable Spitfires. Despite British propaganda, the 109s were slightly faster and their proper tactics were to dive, shoot and break off. Any Spitfire on its own after a fight was under standing orders to join up with the nearest friendly fighters. It was jungle law up there and the devil took the odd man out.

Just Like Pop-Eye

Coming back over the Channel one day, Dundas was startled to see Bader, flying alongside, flip back his cockpit top, unclip his oxygen mask, stuff his stub pipe in his mouth, strike a match (apparently holding the stick between his good knee and tin knee), light up and sit there like Pop-Eye puffing wisps of smoke that the slipstream snatched away.

Dundas longed to light a cigarette himself, but desire was tempered by realization that no normal man lit a naked flame in a Spitfire cockpit. Bader looked across, caught Dundas's wide eyes, beamed and made a rude gesture.

After that he always puffed his pipe in the cockpit on the way back, and pilots flying alongside used to sheer off, half in joke, half in earnest, in case Spitfire D.B. blew up. But it never did—adding to the growing and inspiring myth that Bader was bomb-proof, bullet-proof and fire-proof.

With virtually daily trips now, someone dubbed the wing "The Bader Bee-Line Bus Company. The Prompt and Regular Service. Return Tickets Only." That tickled everyone's fancy, and some of the pilots painted it on the side of their cowlings. It felt good to be one of the Tangmere Wing.

Almost every night he took a few of his pilots (and sometimes their girl friends) back to the Bay House, where Thelma and Jill made sandwiches and they sat yarning and quaffing beer. It began to be known affectionately as the "Bag House," which Thelma tolerated with her usual imperturbability.

On July 2 they went to Lille, and Bader dived 616 on fifteen 109s. He fired at one from almost dead behind, and as its hood flew off and the pilot jumped, another 109 plunged past and collected a burst. Smoke and oil spurted and he went down vertically. Bader left him and pulled up, obeying the dictum that it is suicide to follow an enemy down.

One Was "Frightened"

Coming back over the Channel, he dived on another enemy, and as he started firing the 109 rolled on its back like lightning and streaked back into France. Bader was getting fed up with 109s diving out of a fight like that (though he respected the correctness of their tactics), and when he got back to claim one destroyed and one probable, he added as a flippant afterthought: "and the third I claim as frightened."

He hoped for a bite from Intelligence at Group but they maintained a dignified silence. Instead he got a phone call from Leigh-Mallory, who said: "Douglas, I hear you got another 109 today."

"Yes, sir."

"Well," Leigh-Mallory went on in his deceptively pompous voice, "you've got something else too—a bar to your D.S.O."

Down at dispersals next day when he was congratulated, Bader said awkwardly: "All this blasted chest cabbage doesn't matter a damn. It's what the wing does that really counts." He meant it, too, and the pilots were



surprised at the self-consciousness that lay under the boisterous exterior.

Coming away from Lille a couple of days later, little schools of Messerschmitts began pecking at them again. Bader fired at three but they half rolled and dived away. Two more dashed in and Bader shot one in the middle from one hundred yards. Explosive bullets must have slugged into the tank behind the cockpit because it blew a fiery jet like a blowtorch and fell smoking out of the sky.

Remembering the three that got away, he claimed one destroyed and "three frightened," and this time got a bite from Group. A puzzled message arrived asking what he meant and he sent a signal back explaining. Group answered stiffly that they were not amused (though everyone else thought it was a "good giggle").

The Decoy Plane

It takes an odd genius to handle a wing in the lightning of battle where it is so easy to become confused or excited or tempted by a decoy. There was a day a 109 flew in front and just below them. Bader called: "That looks too obvious. Look up-sun, everyone, and see if you can see anything."

No one could and at last Bader said: "Come on, Cockie. Let's take a pot. The rest stay up."

As he led Dundas down, the 109 half-rolled and dived, presumably transmitting, because seconds later his friends came out of the sun. Holden's squadron intercepted some and the rest came down on 616, which swung back into them. Turner's men plunged from above and the fight was on.

Separated and set on by four 109s, Dundas fought them alone for five minutes, twisting and gyrating, unable to shake them off, until finally he took the last chance . . . stick hard back and hard rudder to flick into a spin. He let her go for 12,000 feet, came out at five thousand, dived for the coast, dodged several 109s, flashed over an airfield, squirted at a 109 coming in to land, and was chased by others for miles, seeing glowing little balls darting past his wingtip as they fired. Not till mid-Channel did he shake them off. He landed with empty tanks, a dry mouth and sweaty brow.

Bader hailed him: "You stupid goat, Cockie. Serves you damn well right. Teach you to get stuck out on your own."

A day or two later after a brisk "shambles," Bader found himself isolated and called Holden: "Hallo, Ken. I'm on my own. Can you join me?"

"O.K., D.B. What's your position?"

"About fifteen miles north of Big Wood."

"Good show. I'm in the same area at 25,000 feet. What are your angels?"

"Eight thousand."

In his broadest Yorkshire, Holden

said: "Eee, we'll be a bit conspicuous down there."

He heard Bader's domineering rasp: "To hell with that. You come on down here."

A pregnant silence, and then Holden: "Nay, you coom oop here."

Dreadful words came over the radio, but Holden, grinning behind his mask, was already on his way down, and they all came home together.

After a while, to the regret of the "Beauty Chorus"—the team of Waaf radar plotters—Woodhall disconnected the loudspeaker in the Ops room, feeling that some of the battle comments were too ripe even for the most sophisticated Waafs. ("They laugh, you know," he said, "but dammit, I get so embarrassed.") Bader was not exactly the least of the radio offenders, but whenever his buccaneering presence lurched into the Ops Room there was a lot of primping, giggling and rolling of eyes.

For two days the weather was bad and he took Holden to a nearby links for golf, arranging first that if it cleared over France and a "show" was "on," they would fire Very lights from the airfield as a signal for them to hurry back. Bader spent most of his time on the links watching for a Very light, on edge in case something happened and he missed it. He had led the wing on every sweep so far and obviously intended to keep on doing so. There were no days off for the nerves to relax.

For Bader there was paper work, too, in his office, but he gave it little courtesy. Holden was with him one day when a flight-sergeant came in and put a pile of files in his tray. Bader growled: "What the hell's this?"

"Files for your attention, sir."

"I'll give 'em attention all right." He picked them up and threw the lot in his waste-paper basket.

To A Legless Boy

He had time to write to a small boy, however. Norman Rowley, aged seven, had had both legs amputated after being run over by a bus in a Yorkshire mining village, and Bader wrote to tell him he would be all right, and could be a pilot if he tried hard. It helped the boy more than anything. He was proud to be Bader's friend.

By the middle of July, Bader had done more sweeps than anyone else in Fighter Command and still jealously insisted on leading the wing on every raid, driving himself to the limit and driving others to keep pace. In seven days he did ten sweeps—enough to knock out the strongest man, still more one who had to get around on two artificial legs. By now he had twenty and a half enemy aircraft confirmed destroyed but, like other leading fighter pilots, his actual score was probably greater.

Peter Macdonald, Bader's former adjutant, arrived at Tangmere on

posting, and was disturbed to note that the skin round Bader's deep-set eyes was dark with fatigue. He and Woodhall began telling him that he must take a rest but Bader refused tersely. At last, at the end of July, Leigh-Mallory said to him: "You'd better have a spell off operations, Douglas. You can't go on like this indefinitely."

"Not yet, sir," Bader said. "I'm quite fit and I'd rather carry on, sir."

He was so mulish that the A.O.C. at last grudgingly said: "Well, I'll let you go till September. Then you're coming off."

On August 8, Peter Macdonald cornered him in the mess. "I'm going to insist you take a few days off," he said. "I'm taking you and Thelma up to Scotland for a week and you can relax with some golf at St. Andrews."

After an argument, Bader said: "I'll think about it," and that evening Macdonald forced the issue by ringing St. Andrews and booking rooms for the three of them from the eleventh. That, he thought, would settle it.

Squadron Went Astray

Next day everything went wrong from the start. First there was a tangle on take-off and the top-cover squadron went astray. Climbing over the Channel the others could see no sign of it, and Bader would not break radio silence to call them. Then, half-way across, his air-speed indicator broke, the needle sliding back to an inscrutable zero, which meant trouble timing his rendezvous with the Beehive over Lille, and after that a difficult landing at Tangmere. Time to worry about that later: more urgent things loomed.

It looked a good day for a fight, patches of layer cloud at about four thousand feet but a clear vaulting sky above with a high sun to veil the venom of attack. He climbed the squadrons to 28,000 feet so that they, not the Germans, would have the height and the sun.

The job that day was to go for German fighters where they found them, and they found them as they crossed the French coast, just south of Le Touquet—dead ahead, and about two thousand feet below, a dozen Messerschmitts were climbing the same way, spread in "finger fours" abreast (which they seemed to have copied).

Bader said tersely into his mask: "Dogsbody attacking. Plenty for all. Take 'em as they come. Ken, stay up and cover us," and plunged down at the leading four, Dundas, Johnson and West beside him and the rest hounding behind. The Germans still climbed placidly ahead, and steeply in the dive he knew it was the perfect "bounce."

Almost Rammed Enemy

Picking the second from the left, he closed startlingly fast; the 109 seemed to slam slantwise at him and, trying to lift the nose to aim, he knew suddenly he had badly misjudged. Too fast! No time! He was going to ram, and in the last moment brutally jerked stick and rudder so that the Spitfire careened and flashed past into the depths below, seeing nothing of the carnage among the enemy as the other Spitfires fired and pulled back up.

Angrily he flattened again about 24,000 feet, travelling fast, watching alertly behind and finding he was alone. Better climb up fast again to join the rest: deadly to be alone in this dangerous sky. He was suddenly surprised to see six more Messerschmitts ahead, splayed abreast in three parallel pairs line astern, noses pointing the other way. More sitters!

He knew he should pull up and leave them; repeatedly he'd drummed it into his pilots never to try things on their own. But the temptation! They looked irresistible. A glance behind again. All clear. Greed swept discretion aside and he sneaked up behind the middle pair. None of them noticed. From a hundred yards he squirted at the trailing one and a thin blade of flame licked out behind. Abruptly the flame flared like a huge match being struck and the aeroplane fell on one wing and dropped, on fire all over. The other Germans flew blindly on.

He aimed at the leader 150 yards in



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front and gave him a three-second burst. Bits flew off it and then it gushed volumes of white smoke as its nose dropped. The two fighters on the left were turning towards him, and crazily elated, as though he had just pulled off a smash and grab raid, he wheeled violently right to break off, seeing the two on that side still flying ahead and that he would pass between them. In sheer bravado he held course to do so.

Something hit him. He felt the impact, but the mind was curiously numb and could not assess it. No noise, but something was holding his aeroplane by the tail, pulling it out of his hands and slewing it round. It lurched suddenly and then was pointing straight down, the cockpit floating with dust that had come up from the bottom. He pulled back on the stick, but it fell inertly into his stomach like a broken neck. The aeroplane was diving in a spiral and confusedly he looked behind to see if anything were following.

First he was surprised, and then terrifyingly shocked to see that the whole of the Spitfire behind the cockpit was missing: fuselage, tail, fin—all gone. Sheared off, he thought vaguely. The second rog must have run into him and sliced it off with its propeller.

He knew it had happened but hoped desperately and foolishly that he was wrong. Only the little radio mast stuck up just behind his head. A corner of his brain saw that the altimeter was unwinding fast from 24,000 feet.

A Gush Of Panic

Thoughts crowded in. How stupid to be nice and warm in the closed cockpit and have to start getting out. The floundering mind sought a grip and sharply a gush of panic spurted.

"Get out! Get out! Wait! No oxygen up here! Get out! Get out!"

Won't be able to soon! he thought. Must be doing more than four hundred miles an hour already.

He tore his helmet and mask off and yanked the rubber ball over his head—the cockpit hood ripped away and screaming noise battered at him. Out came the harness pin and he gripped the cockpit rim to lever himself up, wondering if he could get out without thrust from the helpless legs. He struggled madly to get his head above the windscreen and suddenly felt he was being sucked out as the tearing wind caught him.

Top half out. He was out! No, something had him by the leg, holding him. (The rigid foot of the right leg hooked fast in some vice in the cockpit.) Then the nightmare took his exposed body and beat him and screamed and roared in his ears as the broken fighter, dragging him by the leg, plunged down and spun and battered

him, and the wind clawed at his flesh and the cringing sightless eyeballs.

It went on and on into confusion, on and on, timeless, witless and helpless, with a little core of thought deep under the blind head fighting for life in the wilderness. It said he had a hand gripping the D-ring of the parachute and mustn't take it off, must grip it because the wind wouldn't let him get it back again, and he mustn't pull it or the wind would split his parachute because of the speed of his fall. On and on . . . till the steel and the leather straps of his leg snapped.

He was floating, in peace. The noise and buffeting had stopped. Floating upwards? He thought: it is so quiet I must have a rest. I would like to go to sleep.

The Parachute Opened

In a flash the brain cleared, and he knew and pulled the D-ring, hearing a crack as the parachute opened. Then he was actually floating. High above, the sky was still blue, and right at his feet lay a veil of cloud. He sank into it. That was the cloud at four thousand feet. Cutting it fine!

In seconds he dropped easily under it and saw the earth, green and dappled, where the sun struck through. Something flapped in his face and he saw it was his right trouser leg, split along the seam. High in the split gleamed indecently the white skin of his stump.

The right leg had gone!

How lucky, he thought, to lose one's legs and have detachable ones. Otherwise he would have died a few seconds ago. Lucky, too, not to be landing on the rigid metal leg like a post that would have split his loins. Odd it should happen like that. How convenient! But only half a leg was left to land on—he did not think of that.

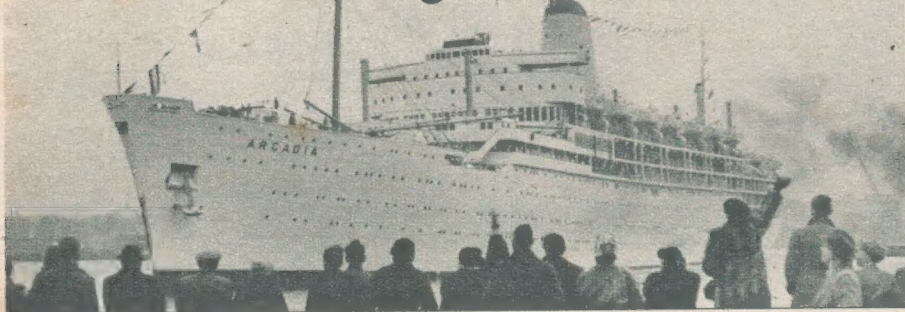
He heard engine noises and turned in the harness. A Messerschmitt was flying straight at him, but the pilot did not shoot. He turned and roared by fifty yards away.

Grass and cornfields were lifting gently to meet him, stooks of corn and fences. A vivid picture, not quite static, moving. Two peasants in blue smocks leaned against a gate looking up and he felt absurdly self-conscious. A woman carrying a pail stopped in a lane and stared up. He thought—I must look comic with only one leg.

The earth that was so remote suddenly rose fiercely. Hell! I'm landing on a gate! He fiddled with the shrouds to spill air and slip sideways and, still fumbling, hit, feeling nothing except vaguely some ribs buckle when a knee hit his chest as consciousness snapped.

NEXT WEEK: Bader makes an amazing escape from a prison hospital. "Reach For The Sky" is published as a book by Collins, at 16s.

Holiday Cruise



First heads "Bullets" prizes value over

FOR this week's First Prize *Bullet*, which you can write on your coupon below in the next ten minutes, there is a thrilling cash-plus-holiday reward—£500 plus a 1,200-mile luxury cruise for two in s.s. *Arcadia* to Portugal and North Africa. If winner unable to take cruise starting Saturday, July 3, an extra holiday cheque will be offered in lieu.

All Prizes Must Be Won

FULL instructions for making *Bullets* are below—and this week's list of winners shows you how to capture that First or one of these 1,619 other prizes: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, three of £5, ten of £2 10s., hundred of 5s. and 1,500 "Good Shots." And see coupon for details of new Bonuses.

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Rosier World	Master Of The House
Man, The Voyager	Quietly
School Of Tomorrow	A Little Bird
We Don't Know How, But	Rolling In
Russian Diplomat	What Really Happened
Soon Forgotten	Not So Hot
Curtain Of Secrecy	Modern Sculptor
Dusty And Dirty	Overloaded
Easy Money	Screamingly Funny
In His Sleep	Like A Bucking Bronco

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

To Get More.....	Glad To Be.....
For The Landlord	Wealth Of.....
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EX.	[6d.]
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B.	
EX.	[6d.]
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FIRST PRIZE, £100 plus £1 Weekly Pension (as offered)—or £600 lump sum: W. F. Gould, 2 Bridport Road, Dorchester:

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£50: D. A. Plant, 8 Balham Place, West Gorton, Manchester: SIGN OF OUR TIME—"BANG! DADDY—YOU'RE VAPORIZED!"

£25: H. High, 51 Edilom Road, Crumpsall, Manchester: HEREWARD OF OUR TIME—OR ETHELRED, CIVIL DEFENCE?

OTHER AWARDS. £10: C. C. Smith, 12 Draycote Crescent, Darlington: SIGN OF OUR TIME—"BRITANNIA'S" Hospital SHIP, TOO.

£9: E. H. Oliver, Bear Close, Woodstock, Oxford: IMPROVING ON SUNSET—AND INVITING IT, H. BOMB? £8: L. Hall, 17 Fitzwilliam Street, Mablethorpe, Lincs: A DIRTY RIBBON—THAMES—SEEMS FINEST "BUNTING"! £7: A. Russell, 9 Findhorn Place, Dundee: WITH HALF A SECOND—TO "ACT," OPPORTUNIST "STARS." £6: Mrs. E. Wood, 85 Station Road, Brimington, Chesterfield: GRANDPA REMEMBERS—MAKING—GRANNY, His "SIEGE"! £5: F. Braine, 109 Park Road, Thackley, Bradford: PLUGGING AWAY—LOOK WHERE *Chelsea's* GOT! £5: E. V. Harper, 21 Lavarna Road, Terenure, Dublin: DOWN CAME THE RAIN AND—BUSES TOOK SHELTER, APPARENTLY!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" Bulletin 50 "Bullets" Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated June 12 and in JOHN BULL dated June 19), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 5, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,937 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,937, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).



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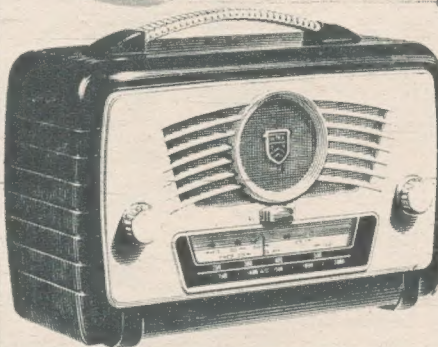
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